

HENRIETTA SMITH MANN

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Henrietta Smith Mann

(1892 -)

Mrs. Mann is a prominent kamaaina who has lived in Hawaii her entire life. Her father, Henry Smith, was the chief clerk and cashier of the First Circuit Court at the time of his retirement.

Prior to her marriage to James Buzzell Mann, a civil engineer, she was a teacher at Kaiulani School and the Royal School. Later she was a volunteer worker for various institutions and organizations.

She is a life member of the Daughters of Hawaii, Kapiolani Hospital, and the Kindergarten and Children's Aid Association.

In her memoirs, Mrs. Mann recalls family experiences, island customs and culture, and bygone days. Many of her anecdotes are of historical interest and value.

Lynda Mai, Interviewer

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HENRIETTA SMITH MANN, AN ORAL-WRITTEN HISTORY

In 1971, Lynda Mair (now Lynda Ion) interviewed Mrs. Mann at her Arcadia apartment, 14J4 Punahou Street, to obtain her oral history. When the Watumull Foundation's Oral History Project was reactivated in 1979, Mrs. Mann had an opportunity to read a transcript of that tape-recorded interview.

After reading the fifteen-page transcript, Mrs. Mann felt that her story could be improved by expanding it but preferred to write, rather than narrate, the additional information.

Because Mrs. Mann has skillfully combined the oral and the written data into a narrative, the interviewer's questions *have* been omitted.

Ancestors and family background:

My maternal grandfather, Lihoulihou Kekahuna, was born on 11/11/1811. His father, Lihoulihou, was born in Warren, Rhode Island and came to the Islands in 1850. George and Lihoulihou were married on July 1, 1852 by the Reverend Joseph S. Grell at the residence of her father in Mahana, East Maui. Their children were George, Helen and Maria Jane, my mother. Mother was born in Honolulu, December 21, 1856.

My paternal grandmother was Mary Naokaawa, daughter of Kaliaha and Kumana Naokela. Her father, born in Wurtelberg [West Germany] 9, 1820, came to Hawaii on September 11, 1849 and married Mary Naokaawa in 1853. Their children were Henry, born in Honolulu on November 19, 1854, Caroline and Charles. Charles went to the mainland, married, and never returned. However, his son Charles Junior and wife once visited us.

Grandfather Marble was a construction engineer and worked on our first federal post office on the corner of Merchant and Bethel streets. Grandpa Smith was an actor. I don't know their reasons for coming to Hawaii but I got the impression that actor Henry (with a stock company and chose to remain here when the company went to Australia. I don't know how my grandparents met.

In their childhood, Grandfather Marble placed my mother, aunt and uncle in private homes in Honolulu to be well brought up and educated. He told Grandmother he had very

important business on the mainland to attend to and would return. After a few years and believing my grandfather was dead, she married Captain [Alexander] Adams whose home was on Adams Lane, still existent. Ewa of Alakea Street and running mauka from Hotel Street to the Hawaiian Telephone building. They had one son, James, who died in infancy.

Some years later, Dr. [George] Trousseau, a leading physician and family doctor was on the mainland on a train riding north. When the gentleman beside him learned the doctor was from Hawaii, he became very interested in the Islands and asked the doctor if he knew a Pohunui. The doctor told him she had remarried. The stranger disappeared. Putting two and two together, the family believed the gentleman could have been my grandfather, who had left to fight in the Civil War. (See p. 58)

Mother's education and employment:

Mother lived as one of the family in the home of Mrs. West, a dressmaker. She had all the advantages of girls her age: love, book learning, religion, etiquette, homemaking, et cetera. She learned to sew, knit, tat, embroider, cook. When old enough she assisted Mrs. West in her shop. She wore clothes made in the shop which was Mrs. West's best advantage: it.

Orlee, when she gave a costume ball in her beautiful mansion on Emma Street, Mother wore a dress Mrs. West made of white tarlatan with real croton leaves sewed all over the skirt. Mother was awarded first prize.

Princess Ruth and her home:

Princess Ruth Keelikolani was the last of the Kamehamehas. She built a replica of a home in San Francisco, a picture of which she had seen in a California newspaper, on her premises on Emma Street, across from Emma Square. It was three stories high, topped by a cupola: had broad-columned lanais, a wide flight of steps at the front entrance, koa stairways, and a large drawing room adorned with numerous frescoes and a large Hawaiian coat of arms sculptured on the ceiling.

Bought by the government after Ruth's death, it became Honolulu's first high school and students were transferred from the old Fort Street School at the corner of School Street, which area is now the mauka east corner of Queen Emma Gardens. An egg-shaped building of four classrooms was eventually built in a mauka corner of the grounds

to accomodate fifth and sixth graders. The main building housed seventh and eighth graders as well as students in the four grades of high school and a large science laboratory.

Unfortunately, in 1926 the beautiful mansion and lush gardens were razed to make way for the present Central Intermediate School.

Father's education and employment:

My father, Henry Smith, attended Saint Albans, an Episcopal school on Bates Street. He spent many years in the printing trade, later becoming a clerk in the Supreme Court; first as deputy; then chief. With the reorganization of the Judiciary Department and legislation enactment, his title became chief clerk and cashier of the First Circuit Court, which position he held until his retirement.

Chief Justice Albert B. Judd was his close friend and adviser through whom he learned a great deal of law. Mr. Judd encouraged *him* to take the bar examinations, which he passed, but he never practiced law. He was stone deaf. He could read lips but when he had difficulty understanding anyone he'd produce a pencil and pad, which he always carried in his breast pocket, and hand *it* to whomever to write what he had to say.

Father's deafness and court; parents' attire;

One of my earliest memories is of Mother and Dad preparing for a trip to the mainland. Having completely lost the hearing in one ear and slowly losing it in the other, an operation by the foremost otologist in Philadelphia was recommended.

There were daily fittings by a dressmaker who provided Mother with appropriate travelling outfits--leg-of-mutton sleeves, tight-fitting, high-buttoned shirt waists; full skirts--quite different from the familiar holokus she always wore--plain for home, frilly ones for going out.

They sailed on the S.S. Aorangi. The operation on father's ear was not successful but he served faithfully and efficiently as clerk of the Court.

Rain or shine, day or night, he always wore a white linen suit. Avoiding traffic, he walked to and from work every day. Often when he chose to work late on a Saturday afternoon, Mother would fix him a bag lunch and give me the opportunity to take it to him. The walk to the Judiciary Building and back was fun but when I was allowed to go on my bike I was overjoyed.

Francis Henry Alapaki Smith:

When my brother was born, Mr. Judd asked that the baby be named Albert Francis after him. Dad wanted his own name, Henry, perpetuated and named the baby Francis Henry. Since Albert had been eliminated, Mr. Judd asked that the child be called Alapaki, Hawaiian for Albert. Three boys had been named after Mr. Judd--Francis Brown, Francis Bottomley and my brother--but my brother was the only one called Alapaki by which he was generally known all his life.

Family Statistic~:

I do not know how my parents met. They were married in Honolulu at Kawaiahao Church by the Reverend Henry Parker on June 25, 1876. Their children were:

Mary Mapuana (J/19/18'77 - 1942) married Emil Cornelius Peters, a lawyer and later Chief Justice.

Helen (1/26/1879 - 2/12/1879)

Helen Caroline (J/19/18~() - 19~6) married Norman Edward Cedgc. manager of WU deY' S~euilishipCompany's ship chandler-y.

/)"~y Poliunui (11/26/18U2 - 1951) married John Kirkwood (..li:1rk\..l, partner in Hind-Clarke Dairy.

Elsie Maria (6/30/1884 - 2/19/1909)

Hilda Vera (8/8/1886 - 1945)

Maria Leinaala (4/J/1889 - 1949) married Benjamin Hornblower Clarke, division manager for Theo. H. Davies & Company.

Henrietta (4/9/1892) married James Buzzell Mann, civil engineer.

Francis Henry Alapaki (4/26/1895 - 8/4/1946) married Martha Hobron.

Alfred Clark (3/3/1899 - 3/3/1899)

Mary Mapuana Smith:

Sister Mapuana married Emil Cornelius Peters on September 21, 1904. We called him Pete. He had come from Hastings Law School in California where he was born to work in the law firm of J. A. Magoon. Their children are Mapuana, Emil and Elsa.

They were married in Saint Andrew's Cathedral. All I

can remember of the event is wearing my best dress--white pin-pleated skirt, high-waisted, puff sleeves, of silk chiffon--and a wide-rimmed hOl'shair picture hat. There had been a large reception and dance at home the night before instead of a wedding reception after the ceremony. That was Mapuana's wish.

Helen Caroline Smith:

Sister Helen married Norman Edward Gedge on February 12, 1907. We called him Brother Gedge. My mother disapproved the marriage since he was a divorced family man. However, they were quietly married in the vestry of Central Union Church at Beretania and [Richards] streets. Mapuana and Pete were their witnesses. Their children are Norman and Donald.

A sad estrangement ensued between Mother and Helen but it came to an end suddenly with Sister Elsie's death in February 1909. Every night I had prcyled that they be brought together again. As sad as it was to lose Elsie, I accepted her death as God's way of answering my prayers.

The birth and naming of Hem'j atta 0Ulith;

'fhough Kapiolani Hospital [Kapiolani Maternity Home] was existent, most births were at home if proper facilities were available. Friends helped friends. On several occasions Mother was called by neighbot~s to help in deliveries no matter what hour of the day or. nigIY\;.

I was born at homB, an eighth (laughter, by which time it was my father's turn to have a nanlesake, so he said. So as soon as possible he bundled and carried me to Saint Andrew's Cathedral, only two bloCks away, and had me christened Henrietta before arwone else had a say. He requested that I be called Henrie unJ cllways to this day I have been known as Henrie.

Home life;

My parents began their life' togetht:H' in the home which Dad had inherited from his grandfather Naokaawa. It was on Fort Street, the site now occupied by The Little Prince of th~ Queen Emma Gardens complex. That's where we were all born and lived for many years.

The area was fairly large--almost two acres--with large

front and back yards. As we children increased and grew, so did plantings in the front yard: grass lawns, flower beds, shrubs, and two huge breadfruit trees we loved to climb. In box-beds above the ground on horses were Mother's prize pansies and double violets. We girls each had a turn wearing a pansy or violet lei which Mother made haku-style, fastening flowers or ferns on a backing by winding thread or string--originally banana strands--around them.

The house was large, high-ceilinged, surrounded on all four sides by a railed ten-foot lanai. By the time I came along, the mauka-side lanai had been replaced by two large 25 foot by 25 foot rooms which served as parlor and dining room and which opened into each other. Toilet and bathing facilities were outside and separate.

The back yard was our playground. To make it easier for Mother to keep tab on us, she encouraged our neighbors and friends to come to our home for recreation or to pass the time of day. Mango trees were our jungle gyms. Swings were suspended from their boughs, as was a trapeze. An iron pipe, securely fastened in the crotches of two trees, was our high bar. The height of everyone's ambition was to perform a few stunts on the bar. There was ample grass-space for basketball or rope jumping and bare spots to shoot marbles. We played catch, hide and seek, blindman's buff.

The main house was on a slope so that the back part was all of twelve feet to fourteen feet off the ground. Enclosed with lattice-work, a play area was provided for rainy days. We could play with our dolls, count our marbles, play the toy piano, share a hammock, colored books, tiddlywinks and straws. One of our favorite pastimes was to play store, the best part of which was to use a hammer to shape into different money denominations the lead lining that came in tea boxes.

Among odds and ends, the housewife the housewife was a box of old, neatly folded newspapers the cook used as paper for kindling in the charcoal iron stove. Love and Aunt Mary using them in the charcoal iron stove impelled me to get matches from the kitchen and light them afire. Nonchalantly I took my daily post at our front gate to watch the children going to school. Fortunately the yardboy discovered the blaze and quenched it before there was any harm other than a spanking.

Our iron kitchen stove burned wood, charcoal and coal. There were four top openings for cooking utensils and a large oven. The icebox was very large--high, with several compartments--and cooled with a hundred pounds of ice delivered daily.

A ping-pong table was on our back lanai. The older sisters were experts at the game which was played practically every evening, often with friends who dropped in.

A house in the back yard provided for ironing chores at

one end. Laundry was done by hand in tubs outside under a lean-to and dried on several [stretched] wires in one corner of the yard. The other half of the ironing house covered our concrete swimming pool and shower which we called the tank, about sixteen feet square and about four feet deep. Daily get-ready-for-dinner swimming was fun when I learned to swim. When modern bathing facilities were installed in the main house, the tank was retained.

There were chickens, ducks, pigeons, a cow, geese, coffee patch, horse and surrey in their special sections of the back yard. Though I never milked the cow, I learned how to skim cream from pans of milk in the kitchen. Periodically Mother and my sisters plucked down from the geese and neighbors came in to watch and try a hand at it. I am still using a pillow with the old home-grown down. It was a privilege when Mother allowed me to gather eggs from the nests. After long years I still smile when I remember the day I saw a rat emerge from the chicken coop balancing an egg on its mouth and disappearing in a woodpile. At harvest time we children were paid to pick the coffee--fifty cents a bucketful. Only the older sisters were allowed to use the available ladders so my reward was but a token. Neighbor children desiring to earn extra spending money were encouraged to join the pickers.

Besides my father's salary, there were rents from cottages adjoining our home and from the New Era, a rooming house. If there were any inheritance or wealth stashed away in the house, I can't say any talk about it. Judging from the way we lived I guess we were quite well-off. There were servants and always a contingent of relatives who lived in houses on the back part of our premises. Later these facilities were removed and the area planted with sorghum and alfalfa.

Two distant relatives, Aunt Mary Kiakona and Cousin Helen Kekahuna, lived in the main house with us as members of the family. Our long dining table seated twelve comfortably.

Leaving for school or work at different times in the morning made it awkward for all of us to have breakfast together. When we were ready we helped ourselves to whatever had been prepared. School was close enough for us to come home for a snack at noon or if we wished Mother packed a lunch box and we joined other children at school to eat together under a tree in the grounds.

Family meals:

Promptness and cleanliness were musts for everyday family dinners. Though we had to change from play clothes to clean clothes, we did not have to wear shoes and stockings.

In turn, the older sister~ *vied* with each other mixing a cocktail before dinner for Dad who never failed to declare every evening's concoction *with* the best ever. There was no regular cocktail hour, though Mother never discouraged anyone from imbibing. Liquor decanters were always in sight on the dining room buffet.

Dad always said grace. There were always three courses: soup, *en"tree* and dessert. Mother sat at one end of the table and served the soup from a large tureen. For some reason Dad didn't sit at the other end of the table; the older sisters took turns sitting there and did the carving. One would choose the roast night; another would want to try her hand carving a chicken and so on. Vegetables were passed and we took what we wanted. We *Wl..l'enot* made to take anything we didn't like but we were encouraged to finish what was on our plates.

Every Friday without exception the entree was fish. A whole baked opakapaka or mullet beautifully garnished with parsley, onion and lemon rings, and tomato slices was brought to the table on a hug~ platter. That and a baked fish pudding~scraped oio--were favorite dishes. Dad's meal was not complete without a bowl of poi. The rest of us preferred rice. Mother served the dessert which varied from cake to pudding to pies. Every Sunday it was ice cream. The ice cream was homemi;ldey the cook. We made it a point to watch !lim turn the crank that churned the mixture in a gallon cylinder, lolol' packed in ice and salt. When we had chicken or squab for dinner, we knew they were from our home farm.

Our dishes were a corn~plete set bought at the auction of Princess Ruth's estate;--all sizes, all shapes, including the soup tureen. For more formal occasions, bouillon was served in very thin, cov~ced Dal Nippon ware cups and ice cream in small cut glass dishes. Silver place settings were of the Rose pattern from Shreve's. I don't know what pattern our dishes were. They were from England where most of the royalty china came from.

One evening on the cook's day off Elsie and Hilda were in charge. Entrance to the kitchen from the dining room was through a spring door. As Elsie was clearing off the soup plates, she pushed the door as Hilda was about to come through with a platter full of stew. Hilda had filled the platter so full it couldn't hold it firmly without smothering her thumbs in the hot stew so she was balancing it with the palms of her hands. When Elsie pushed the door open it turned the platter upside down and the stew landed on the kitchen floor. Instead of *L~Jl*pecs flying we had something to laugh about the rest of the evening. Fortunately there was more stew on the stove.

Mother kept a long horsewhip under the table. She was a stickler for formalities. If any of us misbehaved or committed a breach of etiquette, we felt a touch of the whip on

our legs, drawing our attention to Mother who somehow got her message across to us.

Thanksgiving and Christmas:

Christmas and Thanksgiving were big family party days. Dinner with no less than twenty family members, cousins and friends was a happy time. The dinners rotated between the Gedge home on Wyllie Street with Helen and Brother Gedge and their two sons, Norman junior and Donald; the Peters home not far away, also on Wyllie Street, with Vlapuana, Pete and children--Mapuana (Mops), Rrlil Junior (Son), and Elsa (Sis); and our home on Fort Street. Cousins Myra and George Kellett were always part of the family.

All homes were large, accomodating one long table in the dining room and another on an adjoining lanai where the younger children sat, except for the Peters' main dining table which was round and seated fourteen. Table settings were more formal than everyday and we dressed for the occasion. Times were such that each household had a cook and a maid. Pete and Brother Gedge always sat at either end of the table in the dining room and carved the turkeys, one at each end. They usually served the children on the porch first. So they could be excused to run and play outside before they became too restless;

Housekeeping chores;

Servants took care of heavy chores but we were all assigned responsibilities as part of our training. On the cook's day off the older sisters got experience in the kitchen. Being the youngest, I never got beyond the table-setting stage and waiting on the table or wiping dishes. When Mother made a cake, though, I was always on hand to lick the bowl.

There was a weekly housecleaning. Mattresses were turned, bedding hung outside to air, rugs taken out for beating and cleaning, floors mopped, everything in disarray for at least half a day. My part of the chores was to dust the pictures on Elsie's bedroom walls. All I did was to go around the room and tip the pictures slightly. I don't think she ever discovered the fraud, as she repeatedly begged me to please straighten the picture; after I had dusted them.

Elsie's English classes;

Elsie had a project encouraged by the family. She taught evening English classes. Adult Chinese men, newcomers employed or anxious to become employed or to improve themselves, were an enthusiastic and interesting group. I usually sat with them and acquired some preschool learning. Beginning with only three or four around a table on our back lanai, her classes grew beyond her capabilities. Eventually the community provided for the needs of the fast-increasing population. There was no reason for Elsie to continue her classes.

Neighbors:

Several families, all large, lived within and around our neighborhood. At the makai [Ewa] corner of Fort and Vineyard streets, now Longs Drug Store's parking lot, were the Loves of Loves Bakery. On the opposite mauka corner were the Jarretts. Our home was next and a few doors mauka of us were the Cardens of the Honolulu Advertiser; mauka of them were the Holts. Opposite us on Fort Street were the McCorristons, then the Francas and the Marcallinos. Around the corner on School Street were the Perrys and still mauka, the Clarkes. The Pauoa Stream separated our back yard from that of the Robertsens who fronted Nuuanu Street. The Chillingworths; were mauka of them, also fronting Nuuanu. All friends, taking part together in many social and school activities.

There were three Chinese stores in our vicinity, one makai of us owned by Fake (Chinese) Mary; two opposite our home whose owners we referred to as Peanuts and Lobster. I never knew their real names nor how they came by their nicknames. They all contributed to the needs of the neighborhood, especially in emergencies. Their families were large and we welcomed their children in our midst.

Social life:

Much of the social life centered around our home. Bill Chillingworth played the mandolin, Sam Chillingworth the guitar, Jack Clarke the banjo, Ben Clarke the ukulele and sisters Elsie and Hilda the piano. Hardly an evening passed that there wasn't a gathering at home with informal singing and music, usually ending with the pushing aside of furniture and rugs in the parlor for dancing. The two-step and waltz had their turn but best of all were the lancers and Virginia reel for all to enjoy.

The only enjoyment for Dad was cards. Whist was the

game. If an outside couple didn't come in to complete a foursome with Mother and Dad, two of my sisters happily filled in. Since Dad couldn't hear, when it came to bidding the signs were clenching of the fingers for clubs; touching left of the chest for hearts; touching the left ring finger for diamonds; and a sweeping up movement of the hand for spades.

Church activities:

Mother and Dad were staunch Episcopalians. Dad was on the managing board of Saint Andrew's Cathedral and never missed church on Sunday. Sometimes he went twice, morning and evening. I sometimes accompanied him in the evening. It was only a two-block walk from home.

I loved Sunday School--donning the Sunday-only dress and shoes. the large hair ribbon--and friends. I loved the hymns, Christmas parties. fairs with prizes, Christmas caroling. and marching around the church and seeing the huge awe-inspiring organ pipes.

Mother's church guild often met at our house, if not for business, to sew for the church fair or for the poor. Afterwards Mother served tea and I enjoyed passing the sugar, cream and lemon. I was amused, if not shocked, when guests took all three for a single cup of tea.

Every year the guild sponsored a festival, the most significant section of which was a luau. Matured members of the congregation each hosted a long table. They were handsome women, beautifully dressed in becoloring holokus. Tables were beautifully decorated and we juniors were waitresses, carefully instructed for our roles. There was charm, hospitality and joy. When Mother and Dad had company for dinner, children excluded, we became waiters; with a feeling of great importance.

A well-remembered luau:

One of the largest parties I remember was a luau on our back lanai. There was a long table. sections resting on low horses. Guests sat on the floor which was not unusual; in fact, it was an accomplishment everyone possessed. For weeks prior to the luau, almost everyone in the family made crepe paper ilima leis, the evening's sensation and beginning of a fad that quickly spread. The table was covered with the usual greens and flowers and at each place setting were two of the leis--one light yellow and one dark--wound together and tied with ribbon. The food was served in dishes--different shapes and sizes of the lokelani pattern.

Mother had fastened two leis on the lauhala hat I was to wear to school next day. We children were put to bed in a back room when after-dinner dancing went on. Unguarded, my hat and leis disappeared.

Halloween;

One night my sisters gave a Halloween party. We wrapped ourselves in sheets as ghosts to receive the guests who came to a house in darkness. Cutout signs such as Drop Your Coats and Follow The Rope were placed over dim electric lights. Guests stumbled up the front steps, obeyed the first sign and divested themselves of their coats; and held on to a rope that led them screening through small spaces. over **and under beds, chairs, tables. down the back stairs. under** the house, over a stack of coconuts where they had difficulty keeping a firm footing, screaming all the while and calling to each other for assurance.

Then all lights were turned on. Electric lights in Japanese lanterns were strung in the back yard where games were played and refreshments served. Next morning we found coats and jackets scattered everywhere--in corners, under beds. and even suspended on chandeliers.

A train trip to Haleiwa:

Mother and Dad owned a piece of property at Hauula which they decided to visit. One Saturday they took Alapaki and me by train to Haleiwa where we spent the night at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis **la. lita**, family friends, managed the hotel. Early Sunday morning we again rode the train to Kahuku where the railroad ended. 'fhere a hired hack was waiting and took us to Hauula. *The* trip was short. Returning to Kahuku by hack we boarded the train again for Honolulu and were home by night. The trip through miles and miles of sugar cane fields and skirting the beautiful Kaena Point coastline was one never to be forgotten.

Calling on friends:

On occasional Sunday afternoons, Mother and Dad hired their favorite hack and went calling. They always took Alapaki and me. One afternoon we called on the Jarrett family who were renting Queen Eltona's sunnier home on Nuuanu Avenue. now the home of the Daughters of Hawaii. The present drive-

way approaching the front steps from Nuuanu Avenue is exactly as I remember it was then.

Another frequent call was to see the McAllister family living in one of the Petrie cottages on Beretania Street. They subsequently became tenants in one of the Smith cottages. Their daughter, Estelle, was the first friend and playmate I had. We grew up together. were daily companions. played with dolls. designed and sewed crude dresses for them.

The John Ena family was close to ours, the older daughters of both families being of the same age and very friendly. The Ena family owned a house in upper Manoa which we often hiked to. They also owned a home in Waikiki, now the premises of the Hawaiian Village. Sometimes when Mother and Dad spent an evening with the Enas at Waikiki and took Alapaki and me, they would decide to spend the night there and showed us where to sleep when we were ready for bed. When that time came, we proudly climbed into a huge four-poster koa bed to wake up next morning with four other children alongside of us. The home at Waikiki was next to a marsh we loved to slush around in.

A memorable bike ride;

One day Mother, Alapaki and me to bike beyond OUT 11(111~1.111dts. We, Alapaki, pedaled mauka to and along Lihooli Street, mauka on Nuuanu Avenue to Judd Street where we decided to return home. Descending Judd Hill was a new experience for both of us. I was able to manipulate the descent but it was too late for Alapaki. He crashed into the curbstone. Neither of us knew he had a gash in his side. I continued the bicycle pedal until we reached home. He quickly recovered and I had learned a lesson in discretion.

The 1900 fire in downtown Honolulu ,

The day Kaumakapili Church burned on January 20, 1900, I was confined and quarantined at home, recovering from an illness that had kept me in bed for sometime. This day Mother wrapped and led me to a makai window of our home to see the church steeples fall. Nothing obstructed my view and at the time I didn't understand the significance of the fire. Years later Mother admitted that our family doctor Murray had purposely kept my illness quiet for fear the authorities would step in and take over the situation. Needless to say, I recovered completely from whatever I had. During my illness the family was very solicitous. My sisters bought me a zither on which I learned several pieces

and performed for them in the evenings when they were allowed in my room.

Language:

My parents spoke fluent Hawaiian. To us, however, they spoke only English. Mapuana and Helen learned and spoke Hawaiian just from hearing our parents and the many relatives usually living in our rear cottages. Years later when I asked Mother why we had never learned the language, she said she had purposely prevented our contact with the language. We were picking up unacceptable words and expressions and she preferred we learn one language well, namely English.

Education and School experiences:

Mapuana and Helen attended the Port Street School at the corner of Fort and School Streets where all grades of education were centered from kindergarten up to and including teaching experience. From the normal school Helen and Mapuana were put in charge of a new two-room school on Mil-litary Street, Honolulu. They had often taken the first steps of an elementary education.

Sisters Daisy, Elsie and Hilda graduated from Honolulu High School with qualifications for business careers which they immediately followed. Leona went through the junior year at Honolulu High, then to Punahou School for her senior year and graduation. After a year at the new normal school at Lunalilo and Alapai Street, she immediately went into the teaching profession.

At age seven I started first grade at Kaakopua School on Vineyard Street, a four-room building accommodating grades one to four. From there fourth graders hopped across Vineyard Street to the Honolulu High School to complete intermediate and high school. I went through the sophomore year then to Punahou and graduation.

In the fifth grade we looked forward to a class outing at the Moanalua Playground. It was necessary to have permission to go there. A classmate and I were delegated to get a permit from Mr. [Samuel Mills] Damon, owner of Moanalua and president of Bishop Bank where we found him in his office at the corner of Queen and Kaahumanu streets. He was most friendly and cheerful, putting us at ease when we showed surprise and curiosity about the quill pen he used to sign the permit, even urging us to try using it.

Daisy was secretary of the Board of Education with offices in the ewa-makai wing of the Judiciary Building on King Street. Public school students were required to purchase their own text books and supplies. Daisy had charge of the order and sale of books needed and these were arranged in the board's rear storeroom. On the two or three days of the schools' openings, when children from the whole city flocked to the Department of Education to make their purchases. I helped Daisy by taking lists from them, going to the back room, gathering the listed books and taking them to Daisy who completed the sale transaction. It didn't take long to learn the arrangement of books in the storeroom and in a short while I learned what texts were required in certain grades. I enjoyed the experience. Daisy was saved many steps and the children were saved much waiting time.

Supplies such as pencils, slates, rulers, writing tablets, et cetera could be purchased from stationary or neighborhood Chinese store,

Graduations from Punahou took place in old Bishop Hall. The night we graduated, Douglas Damon was in charge of decorations which came from the Moanalua gardens. They were beautiful. Our senior class dance was held at the Moana Hotel in the dining room that was always cleared for large affairs. The dining room was on the second floor of the Ewa wing of the hotel, extending over the water and now demolished.

[Jr. day J. EL:.; ie':. the commencement exercises were held at the corner of Fort and Bere-tania streets, the same hall Mary Gunn used for her dance studio,

lV!~trGUTIn's (lancing school:

At eight I was sent to dance school. Mary Gunn had the only dance studio in Honolulu in Progress Hall at the corner of Fort and Bere-tania streets. We learned to walk, stand with grace, the waltz, two-step, polka, jig, folk and square dances; later the one-step and tango, how to accept an invitation to dance, and how to curtsy to your partner when the dance ended. I loved it all and after a few years became Mrs. Gunn's unpaid assistant. Every year Mrs. Gunn exhibited the talents of her pupils at the Opera House. They were gala affairs. Socially prominent, Mrs. Gunn's elite friends and families of dancers were receptive audiences. I danced to piano music in classes; the Honolulu Symphony accompanied the opera performances,

I helped her work out steps and demonstrated them to her classes. Once she sponsored a ball at the Moana Hotel and invited a professional dancer from the mainland to introduce

and demonstrate new dance steps. She chose me to be his partner.

I was happy to teach others what I knew. A group of Punahou girls wanted to do a Spanish dance at Punahou's seventy-fifth anniversary celebration and I trained them. Mrs. John Waterhouse was interested in a group of working girls, graduates of Kamehameha School, living in a cooperative home. She asked if I would teach them to dance, mainly the two-step and waltz--a beginning of their socialization. She called for me every Thursday evening in her carriage, her yardman driving. After dancing and refreshments she brought me home. A victrola supplied the music.

Every May Day was celebrated on the [Iolani] Palace grounds by the public schools with combined choruses and dances. The May pole dance was a main feature with the Hawaiian Band accompanying.

The hula:

There was no thought of hula dancing or teaching. My introduction to the dance was at an evening at Prince Kuhio's home when the prince and his wife Elizabeth entertained Secretary of Interior Lane. Guests sat on chairs on their well-laid lawn *facing* a raised platform which was backed by beautiful Ulu and banana trees. All the dances were old Hawaiian by the old ladies and gourd. My parents sat in the front row with him next to them on the ground beside Mr. Curtis Laukea's knees. All the performers were quite plain, barefooted, dressed in full blouses and ankle-length full skirts, anklets, wristlets, leis and flower crowns. Mr. Laukea leaned over and asked me how I liked it. At first I could say that the ladies were too fat, whereupon he replied, "That's how we like them." I didn't appreciate that response until years later when the hula became a popular source of entertainment. I noticed how much more graceful the fleshy performers were than the others.

Mother said she had hula lessons for a short time as a child. It was strict training. Pupils lived where they were taught. When learning the hip movement, they were taken to the sea shore, held out high enough out of the water to feel the body sway with the waves. The hula was a sacred demonstration originally performed in religious heiau and strictly void of any motion suggestive of sex.

At adult parties I saw the hula as performed casually by willing guests. King Kalakaua is credited for its innovation--a simple two-step with variations and graceful arm and hip movements to interpret accompanying songs.

Interest in the old prompted Hilda and me to join Biedie Reist for instructions from a friend of her family,

formerly one of Queen Liliuolcalani's dancers. It was strenuous and time-consuming. After learning a few dances which we performed for the Daughters of Hawaii at one of their meetings, interest quickly spread among our friends and others. Our teacher got more pupils than she could handle in her home so opened a studio elsewhere. Slowly old-time dancers emerged from their retirement, opened studios for an increasing clientele, establishing one of today's fashions.

Music:

Elsie, Hilda and I had piano lessons from Mrs. [J. W.] Yarndley. She also was a voice teacher hired by the education department and went to all the schools, periodically visiting each grade. Beginning with the third grade we learned to read staff music and harmony singing. This was my first appreciation for music really but I didn't last long at the piano--a few informal recitals for beginners, that was all. Hilda and Elsie were quite advanced. Besides playing in studio recitals, they were often requested to play in benefits. Zampa for four hands was their specialty.

When friends came to the house they usually brought their instruments. An informal evening of music usually ended with dancing. Different ones took turns at the piano.

For real parties, musicians were hired and though they were Hawaiian, all their instruments were not. Always there was an ukulele and a guitar, a violin, mandolin, banjo, flute, and sometimes a zither. Everyone loved music and we were exposed to much.

Every year some organization or other, often the Elks' Club, put on a minstrel show at the Opera House. There was a great deal of amateur talent available. [The Royal] Hawaiian Band under Henry Berger gave nightly concerts in different parts of the city. When they played at Emma Square, only two blocks from home, it was a must. At first Mother and Dad took us, then we were allowed to go alone. Every Sunday afternoon the band played at Kapiolani Park. Benches were available for the crowd that attended. The bandstand was on an island in the lagoon that has been filled.

Operas, operettas and dramas;

Every year the Lombardi Opera Company stopped in Honolulu to give a few performances before continuing to Australia and for a few years the Free Kindergarten and Children's Aid Association's fund raising project was an operetta. Performers were selected children from homes and schools and

and a Miss Martin, a professional from the mainland, came to train us and direct the performances at the Opera House. Almost all of Mrs. Cunn's dance pupils were invited to participate. In one performance, "The House That Jack Built," I was Mrs. Jack Spratt. Ivan Graham was Jack. We had a dance skit in which we slipped backwards. In one performance we backed too far and fell on some props backstage. Embarrassed wasn't the word but the audience thought it was part of the act.

The Lilliputians from Australia came for a few seasons. Their repertoire was all light musical operas and delightful, only one of which I can remember--"The Geisha Girl."

The Kaahumanu Society sponsored Hawaiian entertainments in the Opera House: songs, dances, tableaux. Charles King usually directed. and Ernest Kaai, leading Hawaiian singer, was always in demand and the star. Mother took care of costuming.

I don't remember who sponsored "The Mikado" one year. A director came from the mainland. Leinaala and I were in the alto section of the chorus, members of which supplied their own kimonos. Costumes for the main roles were rented from Japanese professionals and they were elaborate. Owners of the costumes brought them in trunks under lock and key, dressed the performers themselves, undressed them after the performance and took the costumes away again under lock and key.

Leinaala and I decided to buy new kimonos so we went to Sayegusa's on King Street near River Street. When the salesman found out what we wanted and why, all the clerks in the store were interested and persuasive. We let them decide what was suitable for our age and color. We were more than pleased, especially when they called backstage at every performance to see that our obis were just right. We learned later that all the Japanese helpers backstage voted that Leinaala's and my kimonos were the all-around best in the chorus.

The Ellerford Stock Company from the mainland came to Honolulu every year to perform in the Orpheum [Theater] on Fort Street above Beretania Street opposite the fire station. [In 1911 the Orpheum Theater was on Hotel Street opposite Adams Lane.] Though they were a performing group they brought two youngsters, Sophie and Gordon Osborne, to sing and dance between acts. They were cute and popular. They stayed at the New Era with their mother and in their free time spent moments of play with Stella and me, Stella and Sophie both live in San Francisco now. They still keep in touch with each other and occasionally I receive a message from them.

Picnics and moonlight swilllilling:

Family picnics--sometimes **with** other families--were frequent. Spots in Kalihi and Nuuanu valleys were favorite sites. When the destination was Kalihi Valley, we congregated at the August Dreier home and started hiking from **there**. **If the destination was Nuuanu Valley we started from** our home on Fort Street. Spirits were high with laughing, joking and singing all the way. Our horse and surrey always went along with the food and extra clothing for swimming. Along the way the river provided natural swimming pools and many of the gang detoured for a dip before joining the gang again. Mother usually drove the surrey, keeping her eyes on me and younger brother AlapaJci who at times were grateful for her invitation to ride for awhile.

Another family diversion was swimming by moonlight at the Seaside Hotel at Waikiki, now the premises of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. They had a concession where we could rent bathing suits and dressing rooms. A large wooden raft, owned and cared for by the Seaside Hotel, was anchored several yards from shore and provided us a resting place between dives, races and other water antics. There was play with a large waterball to be kept above the water as long as possible. An evening's fun was never complete without the game called Hen and Rooster. The rooster treaded water with a preferably lighter hen perched on his shoulders. Players--any nurnber--cackled and crowed while trying to topple hens from the shoulders of their partners. lJ.'he water around the raft was too deep to stand in, so the contest never lasted long. The hen that toppled all others was winner.

There were days when we youngsters were allowed to picnic on the beach at Waikiki near the Long Branch rooming house and restaurant which was at the Ewa end of now Kuhio Beach. The owner was a family friend who assured Mother he'd keep an eye on us. The beach froth Long Branch to the Seaside Hotel was entirely deserted, a long white strip of clean white sand. We dressed and undressed under overhanging trees lining the beach, swam, played g~nes, dried out and munched food all day long. Satisfied, we packed the picnic basket and took the tram again for home.

Transportation:

Excluding the horse and carriage, mule-drawn cars or trams on tracks were our first means of transportation. The main line ran from JVIoanaluaHill along King and Kalakaua and Waikiki to the end of Kapiolani Park. Transfer lines went up Nuuanu Street to the [Royal] Mausoleum and up Fort Street to School Street. For five cents one rode anyWhere. Occa-

sionally, when the tram stopped in our vicinity for the driver to buy cigarettes or refreshment from a nearby Chinese store, the neighbor-boys would gang together and lift the car off the tracks. If they didn't relent, the poor driver had to rely on his mules to put the car back.

Electric trolley cars replaced the trams. One main line ran from Moanalua Hill and followed the course of the trams to Kapiolani Park except that instead of turning right on Kalakaua, tracks continued to what is now McCully Street and ran across duck ponds to meet Kalakaua Avenue. All the area mauka of Kalakaua to Kapiolani Park was swampland that accommodated duck farming. A dyke was built to accommodate a single car. McCully Street is built over that dyke. Mrs. Buchanan and daughter Abby built a home on a slight rise in the swamp, a very narrow footpath being their only access to the nearest dry spot on King Street. Building the dyke deprived them of that. Since the transit was practically at their front door, it stopped obligingly to pick up or drop off anyone at the Buchanans.

Parallel to King Street, a line went to Kaimuki, beginning at River Street and running along Beretania Street. Mauka lines ran to Wyllie on Liliha; to the country club on Nuuanu; to Pauoa on Alakea and Emma; and to Waioli Tea Room on Punahou and Manoa. Transfers were available on all lines. Since we lived between two mauka lines, I could walk a block either to Nuuanu or Emma and transfer to a Punahou bus that began at Eo Street, continued on Beretania, up Alapai to Lunali'la, Puuhiko, Wilder and Puuhiko. The fare was five cents anywhere including transfers; for students, five cents a round trip to or from school.

All cars had to be in the center by eleven p.m. which caused problems for late revelers, especially for the Punahou boarders whose dates for the school dances lived in the opposite end of the city. Our escorts had to get us home in time for them to catch the last car to reach their own destination. More often they got as far as the car barn and had to hike it to their dormitories on the campus.

Prior to the tram or electric trolleys, a Mr. Desky developed a scenic route to the Sugarloaf Pacific Heights which started at Nuuanu Street and Pauoa Road. It was scary, winding, steep in places; taken more often for the experience than the view. The round trip was twenty-five cents.

In 1910 Bud Mars introduced the first powered airplane to Hawaii by giving a demonstration at the Moanalua polo grounds. Hilda, Leinaala and I took the King Street transit to Moanalua Hill, the end of the line, hiked to the polo field, saw what we went to see and hiked back to the car line. It was fun, with others doing the same thing.

Liliuokalani's summer home <.lndthe 1893 Revolution:

When Mrs. Bishop, heir to Princess Ruth's estate, died, **she left her estate to Liliuokalani for the latter's life-time, after which it would revert to the Bishop Estate.** Princess Ruth had built a summer home in Kahala and Liliuokalani spent much of her time there. She gave an adjoining piece of property to one of her ladies-in-waiting. Mary Auld, who also built a home and with members of her family spent **much time there, next door to Liliuokalani. (See p. 58)**

During the Revolution of 1893, a boat anchored outside the reef right opposite Liliuokalani's house. It was manned **by** revolutionists who bombed Liliuokalani's home. The lone keeper, cringing in one corner of the house, was uninjured but the queen would never go back there to live. Instead she moved into Mary Auld's where she continued to spend time **in Kahala. (See p. 58)**

lVlaryAuld's Kahala home; later the S'miths' home:

One stormy weekend, Jimmy Lucas, Mary Auld's nephew, went to Kahala to swim. Disregarding all pleas and advice against going into the SWirling waters. Jimmy dove in and headed for the reef where the waves were largest and best. The stormy surf carried him far beyond and he was never found. Whereupon, Aunt Mary Auld swore she would never go **back there. (See p. 58)**

In time, Aunt Mary accepted Mother's offer to rent the house during vacations and we spent many summers there. Mother made considerable improvements: adding servants' quarters, stall and carriage shed; installing toilet and bathing facilities indoors. Then she offered to buy Aunt Mary's life interest in the place **and Aunt Mary accepted.** So Kahala became **an** all-year retreat for **us**, families and friends.

The beach, wide and clean, was all ours. Only the Marconi Wireless Station, now the Waialae Golf Club, was between us and Koko Head. Black Point was in the opposite direction and many a day we scrambled over rocks there to watch the blow hole or geyser and waVCTi datih over the cliff.

Our whole family moved to Kahala for the summers--servant, horse and carriage, and later an automobile. More often than not, friends and relatives shared our pleasures and for many years our freedom to romp on the beach, build sand houses, scamper over exposed rocks at the water's edge, explore the coral reef at very low tide, swim, dry out and swim again.

An elderly Hawaiian friend we called Joe was a squatter nearby and became a family friend. He showed us

how to make fish nets, even the bamboo shuttle and rule used in the process. When finished the nets were more ornamental than useful. They were hung on the wall to display our Kodak pictures which were tucked into the meshes. Joe showed us where and how to pick edible liliu or seaweed, a delicacy Mother laboriously cleaned and prepared for the table. On calm days Joe allowed us to accompany him on the exposed reef to spear fish or squid or eels. Sometimes eels found refuge under rocks nearer-shore, so when swimming we kept our eyes peeled for their appearance. Once spied, however, we reported to Joe who floated a baited hook nearby and never failed to get his quarry. Often Joe shared his day's catch with us. In return we ulh'ed our haole food with him, a welcome change from his regular diet, especially cake and other delicacies. We u'ed to see Joe using a pestle and mortar occasionally and wondered what the muddy-looking substance could be. Li'itucwu learned he was making awa, the native intoxicant.

The kiawe or algaroba lceeG were all the growth around us. Mother planted laua~ around the house and a hau tree in front which in a few years shaded our front lanai and made a wonderful jungle gym. The rest of our yard was grass lawn on part of which we enjoyed a game of c'oquet.

'l'hmaking of chat'coal by a Japanese hui:

We youngsters often wandered mauka through the kiawes where a Japanese hui made charcoal. We learned that the kiawe produced the very best charcoal and we often helped gather kiawe branches for the hui. The kiawe also produced beans which we gathered in huge gunny sacks and sold to the hui who transported them for sale in town. The beans were good animal fodder.

Kahala burial grounds and heiau:

At that time we youngsters did not know that Kahala had been one of the battlegrounds during Kamehameha's conquest and wondered how come there were so many bones scattered about and which we so easily gathered and brought home for another of our sisters' Halloween parties they were planning. We noticed too that many flat rocks, pushed aside, exposed more bones. The area apparently was an ancient burial ground. The flat rocks were grave markers. To this day, our sacrilegious scamperings return to haunt me.

At the Ewa side of the queen's yard were evident remains of a heiau and near it, toward the beach, was a well-preserved

sacrificial pit built of stone. Often during our residence at Kahala, inquiries were made about their existence and I would show the interested parties where they were.

Weekends and changes at Kahala:

We thought nothing of hiking from the end of the car line at Kapiolani Park to Kahala, a distance of two miles to our place there. My older sisters were every bit mothers too, so we often spent weekends at Kahala while Mother and Dad remained in town. More often cousins or friends joined us. On our return to the car line by foot again, the soda water wagon, always parked at the end of the car line, was welcome relief to our thirst.

When Liliuokalani died in 1917, we automatically became tenants of the Bishop Estate and Kahala began to change. The main sandy road was realigned and paved, subdivisions were sold, and all-year-round modern homes were constructed to soon eliminate all the kiawe growth. (See p. 58)

Social life and events:

During my school years parties were usually, if not always, in Ilumae though I remember one School class Valentine dance at Queen Emma's home. It was not held in the large ballroom; instead it was held in a cottage in the yard which had been built to accommodate business classes.

For awhile birthday parties were uppermost in our minds. I definitely remember some of them. Thelma Murphy had a party in her aunt's home on Beretania Street--the McLean's rooming house. Going by transit, I correctly transferred and got off at Alapai and Beretania streets but walked in the wrong direction to 'I'hollo Square. A stranger kindly re-directed me and I got to the party in time to watch Thelma open her presents and for the always anticipated ice cream. The McLean house was only two doors Ewa of Alapai Street where I had alighted from the transit.

Myrtle Schwann's party was at her home on Keeaumoku Street. Mother sent me in the hack she usually hired for Sunday drives. The driver could be depended on. It seemed that day everyone had on her prettiest dress. All we did was admire each other before ice cream and cake were served.

Pauline Schaefer's birthday party was more informal. We played games in the yard before eating ice cream and cake under a huge mango tree. Their home was [Rosebank] on Nuuanu Street which was razed to make room for the [off-ramp] at Nuuanu, Wyllie and Pali Highway. Among Pauline's guests

were Ailene Jarrett and Lorna Jarrett Desha.

Ruth McChesney's party was a dance at the Seaside Hotel pavilion. I remember feeling quite ill-at-ease. It was my first step from Mary GunYll studio and the formalities were not the same.

I enjoyed Peggy Cente.c' s party at the Castle home in Waikiki, now the Elks Club. Even with our party clothes, we were allowed to play in the yard awhile. Then we had musical chairs and indoor games. Then we sat at one large table, watched Mrs. Center cut a beautiful cake, and hoped one of the silver coins we knew was baked in it would be in the piece we got.

Mother always put coins in the birthday cakes for Alapaki and me. Our parties were very informal and small. Bare feet was the rule. Whomever we invited enjoyed the outdoors, especially climbing a huge breadfruit tree in our front yard.

Hilda, Leinaala and I were invited to Muriel Campbell's (later Shingle) birthday party. Muriel's friends were older and I was thrilled to be included in her group. The Parkers (Muriel's mother remarried) were living in the original Cleghorn home on Emma Street, later the first Colonial Hotel and presently the Pacific Club. We wore our pretty dresses but soon after arriving at the party we removed our shoes and stockings to play a game of baseball in the front yard, the Pacific Club's present parking area. (See p. 58)

I felt thirsty during the game. Muriel said I'd find iced water in the dining room which was a large enclosed lanai at the rear of the house. I found the dining room where Mrs. Parker. Muriel's mother. was entertaining her friends. In our home, water was kept in a square-faced bottle in the icebox. When I saw such a bottle on the dining table I assumed it contained water and proceeded to fill a tumbler with its contents. I didn't appreciate the auwes of the women present until T. raised the glass to drink and got a strong whiff of liquor. I never put a glass down faster and ran back to the ball game more frightened than embarrassed.

The sisters' parties were the usual informal gatherings we were used to. except that they prepared refreshments and games. The most popular game was pinning the tail on the donkey. The male guests tried all kinds of tricks to hit the mark, often succeeding with unfair tactics.

Then came a rash of dance parties. first the program type. On arrival. guests received cards indicating partners for each dance. thereby relievir~ shy boys and eliminating wallflowers. At one dance we received blank cards, necessitating the boys asking girls for dances. Ivan Graham, my partner in the Jack and Jill duo we had previously done together, asked me for a dance but didn't know how to spell my name, so he wrote "my wife" on his program.

Older and more sophisticated. we joined the fun with

masquerade dances. They were popular and frequent, held in a large pavilion which Mr. J. A. Magoon built at his home on Keeaumoku Street for his children's enjoyment. Everyone wore a domino-type gown, the one piece clown costume seen in circuses. **With eye masks it was impossible to identify one.** It was hard to tell whether we were dancing with a boy or a girl. Between parties we sometimes exchanged dominoes with each other to further confuse anyone who thought he had discovered the identity of someone from the color of his gown.

Hiking on Oahu:

When we were older we were allowed to go hiking on our own with friends. Tantalus was the usual choice. The road and short cuts were easy. it was beautiful and there was what we called the halfway house where we could quench our thirst. The keeper of the government water supply, a huge tank, lived in a shack about where the road turns at the Waterhouse home. Sometimes we had permission to go to the Robertson home or to the Schmidts where we would eat our lunch and play a few games before hiking home. A very significant part of a hike into any of the valleys was to braid a lei of ferns which grew so abundantly and the favorite fern was the palapalai because of its fragrance and pliability. We always returned home garlanded with at least one lei on our hats and sometimes another around our necks.

Another favorite but more strenuous hike was along the Alewa Heights ridge. Karnehamaha School owned a camping lodge at the very top, reached by a well-kept trail beginning at the school site and rather long. We walked through tall grass all the way without benefit of shade trees. We had to get permission for this hike which was given through Reba 'rhompson whose father taught at Kamel'lamaha. Instead of the long walk beginning at the school, we sometimes preferred a short cut and began our climb at the end of Wyllie Street. climbing the bluff of the ridge at the top of which we found and continued on the trail.

Manoa was lovely and cool. From the car line ending at Oahu Avenue were trails only. We usually went to the Boyd home where there was an abundance of flowers.

Climbing Punchbowl was easier than the Alewa climb. A fairly good trail on the makiki town side had stones and bushes to grab. The trip up and down didn't take long.

I made only one attempt to climb Diamond Head and failed. We had no intention of climbing when we left our Kahala home for a walk without hats and shoes. There was no trail. Halfway up I waited for my companions to complete the climb, then joined their slide to the bottom. That cost me a week in tied with what was diagnosed as ~unstroke.

A hike to Sacred Falls above Hauula was hot and tiring. Leaving our automobile on the round-the-island road, we followed a path through dry cane fields at rest until another planting. Adhering to superstition, we faithfully made offerings for our safety wherever we encountered any semblance of an altar, usually a pile of stones. The valley narrowed when we reached the stream which we crossed and recrossed a few times. Perpendicular sides of the mountain formed a tall, narrow gap just before we reached the large pool and waterfall. There was no desire to swim or dally. Unpredictable weather hastened our return for fear of a sudden rain filling the stream and trapping us.

The Pali hikes were easier but longer. The well-defined road to the look out passed the lovely mountain home of the Charles Monatgue Cookes. Starting from the end of the Nuuanu car line at the mausoleum, our first goal was what we referred to as the halfway point--a drinking fountain and a water trough for horses--at the turn of the road now known as Morgan's corner.

Horseback riding;

My cousin George Kellett had horses which we were free to ride. I thought nothing of walking four long blocks to his home on Liliha Street, bothering him to catch and saddle a horse, then riding up to Pauline Schaefer's by way of Judd Street to Nuuanu. Her pony was Lita and we'd spend the afternoon riding around the neighborhood and especially galloping on their long palm drive. The Schaefers had a pony cart for Lita and often Pauline and I drove on errands for Mrs. Schaefer, including delivering invitations for afternoon teas.

On Sunday I accompanied Ben and Jack Clarke, Nani Lemon and Bradford Sumner on a ride from our home on Fort Street out through Kaimuki, through what is now Hawaii Kai, over the Koko Head saddle, through Waimanalo and home over the Pali. We picked up a snack lunch from a Chinese store in Waimanalo. It was exciting galloping over the soft roads with no traffic interference.

Sports,

After starting school I watched my older sisters--Elsie, Hilda and Leinaala--practicing or playing basketball in the high school grounds. Their contenders represented Punahou School, Kamehameha School and the YWCA. Not until I attended Punahou did I participate in the game but by that time

our only contender was Kamehameha School. The two schools also played hockey but I didn't participate. The girls used appropriately shaped guava sticks for mallets. The two schools vied in football also, games being played on home grounds. There were no bleachers to accommodate spectators. Most of whom were personal admirers of the players. Games at Punahou were played on Lower Field where we would walk along the side lines with the linemen to follow plays.

Our uniforms for basketball were a far cry from today's --made of heavy blue sateen; very full, pleated bloomers; full shirtwaist with short puffed sleeves; bands of yellow sateen around the bottom of a full, pleated, knee-length skirt; long black stockings and white tennis shoes. The grass basketball court was where Monatague Hall is now and was well-shaded by two large monkeypod trees.

I was fond of my brother-in-law Pete who took me to see my first tennis match at the old Beretania tennis courts. Players William Hath and Alfred Castle were rated very high. I always remember a rule in spectator tennis etiquette that Pete taught me: Always applaud the good shots; never boo the bad. Pete also took me to my first competitive baseball game at Honolulu Stadium on King Street. A professional team from the mainland, sponsored by the Spalding Company, maker of baseballs, played several games here against a picked team of Hawaii players. With no understanding of the game at that age, I found it boring.

My other brother-in-law, Norman Gedge, took me to my first sulky harness race at Kapiolani Park. Bleachers accommodated spectators all of whom seemed to know each other well and who openly but informally made bets. Little did I know that one of the racing thoroughbreds named Octoroon, a pacer, would be our family possession through purchase. She was retired from racing by her owner, Larry Dee, the race promoter. We drove Octoroon until we acquired an automobile--a Buick sedan--and later she presented us with a beautiful colt we named Girlie. She was a pacer also and I rode her a lot within the city limits, used an English saddle and wore the conventional divided skirt. With the advent of the Rapid Transit, increase of motor vehicles, and newly paved streets, Mother questioned my riding under such conditions and Girlie was sent to a cousin's ranch on Maui where she unfortunately broke her leg and had to be shot.

Polo replaced horse racing at Kapiolani Park. The reviewing stand remained but patrons with automobiles parked along the fenced playing field and we children sat on the hood for better viewing. I saw my first polo game there. Later polo was played at Moanalua. There were three teams represented by the Baldwin brothers from Maui, the Rice brothers from Kauai and the Dillingham family from Oahu. A bunch of us who owned or could borrow a horse often went riding together. One day we decided to attend a polo game at

Moanalua. We had loads of fun following the play outside the playing area which was not fenced. We galloped in the same direction as the players from one end to the other. This didn't last very long. The pl~yers cussed and told us in no uncertain words where to go.

The Schaefer's and the Cassidys' beach homes:

I always seemed to be included in my sister's activities. On the high school basketball team with Sister Elsie were Linda Schaefer, Agnes and Plorence Cassidy and Agnes Chun Hoon. The Schaefer's and Cassidys had beach homes at **Waildki** which were **acquired later by the federal** government and developed into Fort DeRussy. We often went to one or the other place for a swim or, if the tide was very low and the reef exposed and dry, it was fun just walking over and exploring the reef, occasionally seeing little fish caught in some pools or poking in holes, hoping to arouse an eel from which we were certain we were safe.

Linda Schaefer's plays:

Linda Schaefer wrote a play in which her friends were cast. Her sisters, Else and Irmgard, helped her train the cast, direct and produce the play in the family's living room at [Rosebank].on Nuuanu Avenue. There was a stage. I noted friends were an enthusiastic audience. Pauline and I weI'S dressed as gypsy children, said nothing, did nothing but follow the crowd. Encouraged **by** a first success, Linda found greater glory in a ~:Gcond pJay called "Alcibiades" which was produced at tIII: Opera House. 'l'hesame friends were in the cast, only I had **Lo** do a little more. I was Eros or Cupid and had to flit across the stage with bow and arrow, wearing tights made from a man's long white under~ shirt.

Else Schaefer, teacher at Waimanalo School:

Else Schaefer taught at Waimanalo School. At the end of her first year she decided to give her class and parents a party and programmed Pauline and me to contribute to the entertainment. Pauline and I had just started dancing schooli had never done anything together. Else played the ukulele. I don't even remember what we performed. However, I'll never forget the trip over the Pali. Else drove the

surrey carrying Pauline and me in our gypsy costumes, Sister Elsie, Linda, and Reba Thompson. Gus and Carl Schaefer were on horseback. The road was rough, lined with huge boulders that caused jolting and tipping. At times Gus and Carl had to dismount and extricate the carriage from rocks.

Christmas at the Cardens' home

Mrs. Carden, our mauka neighbor, had a Christmas tree every year for the neighbor children and friends. Mother and others met at the Carden home days before to dress dolls and make presents for everyone. Santa Claus made his rounds always with Mother Goose. There were games and refreshments. When Mae Carden, their youngest daughter, and the rest of us her age began to suspect the identity of Santa and Mother Goose, our parents decided it was time for us to move on to the next phase of the Christmas spirit. The Christmas tree parties ceased.

Christmas activities at home and downtown:

I had my own tree thereafter. Decorating it was fun for the whole family. Mother sat in a comfortable rocker stringing popcorn and colored beads. The older sisters draped garlands of tinsel. At first we had to use Christmas tree candles and were thrilled when the electric lights *came into being*. We were always fearful of the candles. Later we eliminated the popcorn as the strands were inviting mice.

Christmas Eve was a festive night downtown. All stores kept open. Crowds swarmed through the streets, a few to shop but the majority to ~~fit~~ ^{fit} ~~the~~ ^{the} merry with horns or any kind of noise maker. Some were ~~co'dtwillled~~ ^{co'dtwillled} and ~~rnaslced~~ ^{rnaslced}. There was confetti, no firecrackers but occasional toy pistols with paper caps and torpedoes would make us jump. Christmas wasn't Christmas unless we were allowed to join the gaiety for awhile.

Christmas Eve serenaders:

Hawaiian serenaders were always anticipated on Christmas Eve so we planned to get home from the town fun in time to welcome and listen to the musicians. They strolled the neighborhood late when they knew people would be home. After singing three or four songs--maybe more after a generous donation--they went to another home.. For some groups of

of singers it was a lucrative diversion. Groups were known to have been detained or hired on the spot where dancing would ensue till the late hours of the morning. There were several known groups of musicians. If they went **by** foot, they stayed within a certain neighborhood. Sometimes they **used a car and picked certain homes distant apart to sere-**nade. We sometimes had more than one group come to our home. When the custom of serenading first started the music was really super and it was a pleasure to welcome the sere-naders. But soon gangs who thought they could sing and make easy money invaded the scene and became a nuisance. Gradually the old-time musicians gave up the competition and formed groups for hire which did not interfere with their permanent jobs.

A boat trip to Kauai:

There were summers when Sister Leinaala and I were sent for vacations on the other islands. Our first was to Hanalei, Kauai by the steamer Mikahala. The seaport was Nawiliwili but the boat could not approach nor tie up at the wharf on account of a reef barrier beyond which the boat anchored. Passengers and freight were transferred to shore by huge rowboats manned by hefty crewmen. It was scary especially if one landed at night. The experience was quite a feat. The rowboats came alongside the boat and were secured with ropes. The passengers were carefully assisted down a rope ladder from the steamer's deck. Halfway down the ladder assistance came from a crewman in the boat. If the passenger was too scared to step or jump into the boat, he was pulled down by the crewman and carefully seated in the boat. When one rowboat was filled another came along to go through the same procedure. The rowboats were then eased and maneuvered through the narrow opening in the reef, usually with the assistance of wave swells so that the boat would not scrape against the reef. When the rowboats got as near as they could to the shore, the crewmen carried us one at a time to dry land. From Nawiliwili we drove to Hanalei on the north side of the island, quite a long drive **by** carriage.

A vacation with the Deverill family:

We were a month with the Deverill family, relatives by marriage and also a large family. Their home was huge--two stories--providing not only enough space for the family but also for a community health clinic and overnight rooms for travelling salesmen. Once a week the government doctor ad-

ministered to a long line of villagers for whatever ailed them. The Deverill home was one of a few residences on the bay which was beautiful, fringed completely by a very wide white sand beach. (See p. 58)

We fit in quite well with Aunt Sarah Deverill's plans for her own children. There were excursions to different beaches for shells, each beach having a particular species. Lumahai Beach was the biggest with three levels of wide stretches of sand from the water's edge to the vegetation line and just covered with pupu shells--the small fan-shaped shells sewn into bands popularly worn on hats.

At Wainiha we were guests for a day of Mr. Menefolio, manager of the Wainiha Electric Power plant that supplied power by wires over the mountains to McBryde Sugar Company at Eleele. Mr. Menefolio had horses ready for us to ride the ditch trail to the intake just completed. He explained the workings of the project and allowed us to turn the huge wheels that opened and shut the flood gates.

The caves drew us to Haena--one a dry cave; the other, a wet cave the entire area of which was covered by a lake. There was a canoe in the wet cave but we didn't have the opportunity to explore the lake in it. It was in need of repair.

We didn't swim very much at Hanalei on account of undertows, sharks, rough waters and quicksand. In our saunterings we were repeatedly warned about quicksand which was prevalent where fresh water met salt water, especially at the mouth of a river.

Aunt Sarah had a pony and cart into which we children piled when she drove through the village to market, picking up meat here, poi there, vegetables, et cetera. Sometimes she let us drive, which was the highlight of marketing.

Summers with the Charles Makees: fishing:

The summers with cousins Enuna and Charles Makee, also on the bay at Hanalei, were also full of activity. The Deverills and Makees lived a mile apart. Cousin Charles owned a motor boat and a fleet of huge rowboats that were used to haul sacks of rice for farmers in the upper part of Hanalei Valley. The Hanalei River was wide, beautiful and navigable for miles, at least for Cousin Charles's motor boat which towed the many rowboats loaded with rice. (See p. 59)

I often went on one of the towing jobs, sitting comfortably in the tow boat.

Cousin Charles had a fishery business also. The bay abounded in fish and often huge schools of aku, mullet, akuli and other kinds swooped into the bay looking for food. Members of Charles's fishing hui watched from their lookouts,

which were knolls on the beach. to detect signs of such invasions--a mass rippling of the water. They could tell what kind of fish the invaders were from the color of the rippling water and would sound the alarm for their members to assemble and load the nets on the motor boat.

There were certain nets for certain fish--large mesh of heavy twine for large fish; smaller mesh of lighter twine for smaller fish. Lengths and widths of nets also varied. Nets hundreds of feet long were used to surround a school of fish far out in the bay. The net had to be loaded on the back of the motor boat just-so to avoid any snagging while it was being dropped into the water. After one end of the net was secured on the beach, the boat sped seaward, took a U course to prevent the school from escaping, then returned to the beach several yards away from the starting point, having in its course gently unloaded the entire net with the leaded side down and cork side floating atop the water marking its course. Schools of fish sometimes evaded their would-be captors due to timing, alarms of some sort, and improper loading and snagging of the net.

News of a catch spread through the village like wild-fire. Crowds rushed to the beach to get a hand on an end of the net which was pulled evenly and slowly. ends gradually connecting and circling the fish near the shore. According to custom. every person pulling on the net received a fish or two.

During the process of pulling in the net, fishermen swam around the outside of the net to see that it didn't tangle or break or that the fish didn't jump the net to escape. We were allowed to help in that area when there was assurance that there were no sharks in the vicinity, as such schools of fish were often prey.

When the fish were secured in a small pack near the beach, they were scooped into huge baskets and loaded on a waiting truck and hauled to distribution points on the island. If it was too late in the day for that operation, the fish were left clustered in the net overnight. Once when we saw that done, there were no fish the next day. Somehow they managed to get out of the net.

The George Fairchilds of Kealia:

At the end of one visit with the Makees, the day Charles drove us to Nawiliwili to catch the boat for home, we were invited to rest halfway and have lunch with Kamakee and George Fairchild at Kealia. He was manager of Makee Sugar Company there. The Fairchilds were famous for their curry lunches but it was so hot I almost choked, whereupon Mrs. Fairchild suggested I use some lemon to counteract the heat

which worked. Now I like lemon squeezed over curry just for the flavor.

Hanalei; artists Hitchcock and Wix:

On rare occasions a boat called at Hanalei and, as at Nawiliwili. it anchored in the bay and brought passengers, if there were any, and freight ashore by rowboats. It was less dangerous as there was no reef to avoid.

Hanalei was a favorite subject for artists. One summer when we were there, Howard Hitchcock and family were camping on the beach. There were Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock and children Harvey, Dixon and Helen. We loved to sit on the sand nearby to watch him paint. He was sweet, sociable and undisturbed. Not so artist Otto Wix who lived at the Deverill hotel. When he saw us coming, he'd fold *up* his easel, paint boxes and stool and quit for the day.

A summer on Maui with the Copps:

One summer Leinaala and I accompanied Cousin Louise Copp and daughters Ellen and Becley to *Maui* for a month. One stateroom on the S.S. Claudine accommodated all of us for the overnight trip to Kahului wharf: there was a wharf. the water deep enough for the Claudine to dock. and a gangplank for departing passengers. At midnight the boat had dispatched passengers at Lahaina but we were sound asleep.

Cousin George Copp met us and we went to, I presume, another relative's home nearby for breakfast before the long ride mauka to Kula. All I remember about that breakfast was a huge calabash of poi in the middle of the table and into which everyone from all sides dipped his fingers. I had never seen that done and it didn't set well with me.

Description of trip to Kula:

Cousin George drove us to Kula on the slope of Haleakalā. The road was rocky and dusty and through miles of (pānini) cactus fields. But when we reached the farming belt we experienced fog and the whole mountainside, right to left, was solid green cornfields. It took six hours to reach the Copp home--about 4,000 feet elevation--from which we could look over clouds and see the boat at Kahului and Nakalele Point off to the left. Fuchsias and sweet peas climbing the front porch and two huge concrete water cisterns in the

ground were things I had never heard about. Cornfields were all around us. Large leaseholds from the government were held by tenants who would own their land in fee simple after twenty-five years, providing they cultivated it during that time. All were doing a thriving business raising corn.

Our travelling on Maui was exclusively on horseback. back and forth to visit Makawao relatives; short visits to the post office, to Ulupalakua Ranch. Makena, the general store, or just to ride.

A trip into Haleakala crater:

No one visited Kula without going through the crater and Cousin George saw to it that we had that experience. He organized such a trip. He had been manager of the von Tempsky ranch so he invited Robert Boy von Tempsky and his visiting tutor to join us. Visitors on Maui heard of the trip and asked that they be included. Unfortunately, they were not used to riding and hampered our progress. The trip lasted four days--first night at the summit; second, down in the crater; third, at Kipahulu just outside the gap; and fourth, at Makawao with more relatives, Judge Charles Copp and family. There were about twelve in the party for whom Cousin George had to plan food and whatever. This was loaded on two pack horses, one of which Cousin George led and a hired helper led the other. We used Mexican saddles which were well-equipped with traps so each of us could tie our own blanket and personal belongings on the back of the saddle and on the pommel.

We climbed directly to the summit from our home. There was no visible trail. The horses slowly picked their way, stumbling over stones, slicing, groping through fog and finally getting above the clouds. Progress was slow due to the altitude and thin atmosphere. At the top the view was awe-inspiring, looking back over the clouds onto the island below and into the crater with innumerable colorful formations. It was extremely cold but, being above the forest line, there was nothing with which to build a campfire. Cuddling together as closely as possible didn't much help sleep. Daylight was welcome; the sunrise indescribable--truly the climax of the trip.

Descending, or more exactly sliding, into the crater was warm and dusty through sand. Every step the horses took was a descent of about three feet. Camping the second night down in the crater was a change from cold to fleas. Exit from the floor of the crater was through the Kaupo Gap. We followed the trail along the shore to Kipahulu. Apparently our progress had been widely announced. Arriving at the sparsely populated village, we were welcomed by quite an as-

sembly with leis and flowers, handshakes and overwhelming alohas. They had hosed off the long narrow veranda of the schoolhouse and invited us to bed down there. But instead of an anticipated peaceful rest and sleep, we had mosquitoes to contend with. Before leaving the seashore we stopped at beautiful Hamoa Beach for a refreshing dip in the ocean and **then to Makawao for the night in comfortable beds and back to Kula.**

Helping Cousin Louise make bread, picking fresh corn and digging into soft soil for potatoes between rows of corn were new experiences. An occasional treat was an evening **corn bake. Cousin George built a fire in a corner of the yard** invited neighbors to join us. Each of us picked so many ears of corn, threw them into the fire and waited until Cousin George decided they were ready to eat with previously prepared salad and fried chicken.

The S.S. Haleakala's maiden voyage:

We had occasion to visit Kauai again on the S.S. Haleakala's maiden trip before her scheduled sailings between the islands. Dad took Daisy, Elsie, Hilda, Leinaala and myself on the weekend excursion. Many of our friends were also aboard: John and Ben Clarke, Bradford Sumner. Carrie and Mary Crewes. Nani Lemon. Again we were taken ashore by boats. However, instead of having to climb down a rope ladder from the steamer deck to the rowboat, a small gang plank was lowered in its stead. **It** was much easier to descend but wave swells still proved a problem,

On this visit, an automobile awaited and whisked up to Hanalei where the Makees had prepared a luau for us. Dad had spent part of his childhood at Hanalei and we shared his delight when he recognized familiar spots, *even* a special mango tree he swore was the one he used to climb. Returning to the boat again the same day by auto was certainly different from the 'all-day, one-way trips by carriage.

A month on Molokai at the Meyer estate:

Sister Elsie's sudden death in February 1909 at age twenty-four of typhoid fever made tragic changes in our home for several months: no going to shows; no evenings of music; mourning in the nth degree.

Mother sent us all to Kalae, Molokai for a month. Sister Helen and Brother Cedge chaperoned us. Besides sisters Daisy, Hilda, Leinaala and myself, there were Cousin Myra Kellett, the cook, and a friend, Beatrice Taylor, who was

engaged to Dr. Homer Hayes, the government physician for Molokai. We occupied the William Meyer home, one of a complex of houses built by Rudolph Meyer for each of his children.

We went by steamer to Kaunakakai, again going ashore in a rowboat which was moored to a small pier so we didn't have to be carried. We went by carriage to Kalae high in beautiful, cool, green rolling hills.

Across the country road directly opposite our cottage was the Henry Meyer family--Aunt Victoria, Uncle Henry, and their children Vicky, Tina, Mabel, Ernest and Lizzie. Not far away in their allotted area was the Otto Meyer family. Their children were Margaret, Annie, Alberta, Dorcas and Charles. We were all compatible in age and did everything together from morning to night. Each of us had a horse. We hired ours from the Cooke Ranch a few miles below the Meyer estates. Sophie and George Cooke were managing the ranch at the time. [Margaret: Marguerite Amelia Meyer]

At Pukoo, Hannah Meyer Hitchcock and husband Rex lived with sons Rex Jr., Randolph and Bill. At Kamalo were the McCorristons--Dove, Gertrude and Oscar. The two families were at the other end of the island, a good day's horseback ride from Kalae. All were related to the Meyer families. visited their relatives in Kalae often and while we were there. They joined us in all our doings. Abbie Lucas of Honolulu decided to visit her aunt and cousins, the Henry Meyers. when she learned we were to spend the month on Molokai and wanted to get in on the fun. We practically lived on our horses. riding from one end of the island to the other.

All the boys were experienced with horses and guns. Hunting was a favorite sport. Forest lands above the Meyer estate were government-owned. Hunting rights were leased to a group of business men who built a lodge there. Though the boys didn't take us hunting there, they did take us pig hunting one day on the slopes of Mauna Loa, warning us to keep clear of wild pigs Should any start chasing us. Horses legs bitten by a wild pig was sometimes fatal. One day we rode into the mauka forest to do some target shooting, returning home with bruised shoulders from the rifles.

One day we rode from Kalae to the Brown ranch at Halawa, the extreme east end of Molokai. Returning to Kalae before dark was out of the question so we all spent the night in the Hitchcock and McCorriston homes.

A short distance mauka of where we stayed was the trail and only land approach to the Kalaupapa leper settlement situated at sea level on the north shore of the island. Steamers serviced the colony which was strictly quarantined. No visitors were allowed without special permits. Though we had no desire nor intention of trespassing, one evening Hilda, Leinaala and I thought we'd hike to the trail and see what we could. We saw a very steep and zig-zaggy trail.

One had to go down on a mule or walk. We had hardly reached our destination when we saw someone running toward us from behind waving something white. We thought he was an escaped leper coming after us and ran howe as fast as we knew how, exhausted. Our cook Sato, hav'ing finished his chores early, decided to join us; instead of which he scared the life out of us.

The original Meyer homestead was in shambles when we were there. A large swimming pool had also been neglected. One day the boys thought it would be a change and fun to fill the tank so we could vary our activities. They labored for days trying to fill the cracks to no avail so they gave up the attempt.

The shell of the old Meyer sugar mill nearby gave the boys another idea. The floor was perfect for dancing so they announced a party and invited all of Kalae. How they worked, cleaning away cobwebs and dirt. I thought they would never end their trips down into the gulch for greens: whole banana plants, large branches of pine, coconut leaves, ti leaves, anything for decorating. Somehow they persuaded Aunt Victoria Meyer to let them borrow her piano and somehow they managed to carry it to the not-too-distant mill. We had many dance evenings thereafter.

Washington's Birthday celebration;

For years Washington's Birthday was celebrated with all-day events: a floral parade in the morning, sports events in the afternoon and ending with a fireworks display at night.

The main feature of the parade were the princesses representing the islands with one or two escorts. However, they did not wear the pa-u. Their beauty, horsemanship and gorgeous ornaments more than made up for today's colorful apparel. They wore formal English riding habits and used the English saddle. At first only the large islands had representative princesses. With the use of the pa-u later, all islands had representative princesses. Characteristic leis of each island identified the princesses who wore them on their hats and necks. Leis were also around the horses' necks.

Besides the princesses, there were decorated carriages, automobiles, bicycles--privately owned. Decorations were natural flowers and greens, crepe paper or bunting.

The horse section was large, with pairs of riders vying for recognition followed by anyone else who wanted to ride for the fun of it. One year Lucy Viald chaired the riding section and asked some of us to assist her to escort the princesses. We wore regular riding habits. Another year we just rode in the rear for the fun. One year Harold Dilling-

ham and his sister Marion won the best-of-pair recognition. Sister Elsie and Robert McCorriston were second.

The parades started from Aaia Park. travelled along Beretania Street to pass Queen Liliuokalani's reviewing stand at Washington Place. down Punchbowl Street and along King Street to Honolulu Stadium, now demolished for a public park. There, floats were judged, princesses displayed their horsemanship, and miscellaneous activities filled in the day for crowds in the viewing stand and bleachers.

The fireworks at Kapiolani Park in the evening concluded the celebration. They were beautiful, executed by a mainland firm under contract. Men spent several days preparing for the project, building frames for the most elaborate and largest designs I have ever seen. Everything was free except reserved seats in the viewing stands for which there was a nominal charge.

One year the high schools were invited to participate in the parade. Punahou's entry was an open automobile garlanded with blue and yellow strips of crepe paper and its banner clearly displayed. A representative from each class, wearing a cap and gown, rode in it. I had been selected from the senior class but due to Elsie's death. passed the honor to Annabelle Low. (See p. 59)

Fourth 01' July celebration:

Only one Fourth of July stands out in my memory. Each of us had always been given a small pack of firecrackers which we could light one at a time. never great amounts and never bombs. One evening neighborhood friends brought a load of firecrackers, bombs, and skyrockets to our home and there was a display right in the front yard. The biggest eye opener was the skyrockets, how carefully the boys had to position them at exactly the right angle before lighting the wick.

New Year's;

New Year's Eve and Day were calling times. It would be decided beforehand what families would have open houses and when. So calls were made to at least one home. maybe two. New Year's Eve and/or New Year's Day where there would be a buffet and pleasant socializing.

New Year's Eve was another occasion for Hawaiian serenaders. Often a group would appear where there was a receptive group who would urge the singers to remain a whole evening with a more than liberal financial encouragement.

There would be dancing or just an evening of musical enjoyment to welcome the new year. Firecrackers and bombs had no significance nor was liquor abundant. Chinese New Year's made up for the noise. There was no necessity to ban fireworks since they were used with discretion. the only adverse results being litter-strewn streets in what was known as Chinatown.

My first formal New Year's Eve party was at the Oahu Country Club on Nuuanu Avenue. Mapuana and Pete took Allan Burdick and myself. We had a table for four. There was Hawaiian music and dancing, bonbons. favors, confetti and streamers. Midnight caught us in the middle of a dance. All lights went out. Everyone started looking for his or her spouse except my partner who apparently forgot he wasn't dancing with his wife. I think I was about the youngest one there.

Steamer days:

Weekly arrivals and departures of steamers were gala occasions, especially for the Matson liners Lurline, Wilhelmina and Matsonia that plied between San Francisco, Los Angeles and Honolulu.

Every Wednesday when a boat arrived, crowds of people with leis of all descriptions gathered on the wharf and waited to welcome friends and relatives. If the Hawaiian Band was always there to play "Aloha Oe" just as the boat eased into its mooring. It continued to play typical Hawaiian music for a half hour to arouse the spirit of 'aloha. While passengers came ashore and mingled in a joyous reception with greeters and were decked with leis brought for the occasion.

All departures were even more festive with the band playing a half-hour concert. Decks were crowded, instead of the wharf, with friends of departing passengers. There was confusion while friends and passengers sought each other. Cocktail parties in staterooms were popular. Catered by the boat's cuisine, there were beautifully arranged platters of outstanding varieties of hors d'oeuvres. Leis. symbols of aloha, were abundant.

The ship's gong fifteen minutes before departure was a signal for all visitors to go ashore. On the Wharf, they scrambled for positions to wave a last farewell. Passengers raced to their deck rails to shower confetti and paper streamers on those ashore. Tears and laughter mixed while passengers threw their leis to favored ones ashore, few of which hit their mark. The saying was, "Throw a lei into the channel when departing and you will return." Some passengers apparently couldn't wait until they reached the channel.

Other liners under foreign registry also stopped in Honolulu for a day. World cruisers and boats from Canada to Australia and New Zealand needed refuelling and provisions. The stopover also provided their passengers with a taste of Hawaii. To all of them the Hawaiian Band extended a spirit of aloha also. "Aloha De" was played for every boat arriving and it was the last piece played when a boat left.

Leinaala's marriage;

Leinaala was married to Benjamin Clarke on October 30, 1911 by the Reverend Norman Ault at Saint Andrew's Cathedral. I was her bridesmaid. Kruse and Clark. leading dressmakers with a shop on Fort Street not far makai of our home, made me an ankle-length dress of pink chiffon over blue satin. With it I wore a wide-brim picture hat of pink mohair braid.

A reception was held at our home and supper served in the garden where tables for four were set under strings of electric-lighted Japanese lanterns. While caterers took care of the diners, Hawaiian musicians lured guests to the parlor which had been cleared for dancing.

Territorial Normal School and Punahou School:

Annabelle Low and I graduated from Punahou and the normal school together. The normal school at the corner of Alapai and Lunalilo streets had a twelve-year program which qualified its graduates for teaching positions in public grade schools. Especially during the last four years emphasis was placed on content and methods of teaching. Before any other high school graduate could qualify for a teaching position, he or she had to spend an additional year as a senior in the normal school for a concentrated program in essentials of teaching.

Punahou had a general course, a commercial and college entrance courses. We both went to normal school. She planned to teach. I had no immediate plans but the qualification to teach was handy for the future. Commencement exercises were held in the normal school auditorium.

A visit at Parker Waipa's cottage. Punaluu:

After our graduation from 'l'heNorlllal. Annabelle. her mother Aunt Lizzie Low and baby brother Sanford went to

spend a week at the Punaluu beach cottage of Parker Waipa, uncle to Aunt Lizzie. I was invited to go with them. We went by carriage. The Pali Road past the look out was still full of boulders and it was many hours before we reached our destination. The Waipa home was on a rocky beach where fishing was good but not swimming. We took daily walks along the beach gathering pipipis and kupees off the rocks. The kupees were beautiful shells, often polished and made into jewelry. Dropped into steaming hot water for a few minutes both these shellfish were delicacies. Our walks ended at the Macfarlane Pineapple Cannery which was managed by Walter Macfarlane.

A visit at Kamuela, Hawaii:

Annabelle was appointed to teach at Papaikou, Hawaii. Before starting her responsibilities she and I went to Kawaihae, Hawaii on the inter-island S.S. Claudine. Annabelle's uncle Charles Campbell met us with horse and carriage. We had landed by rowboat as at Nawiliwili, Kauai. The drive from Kawaihae at midnight was long and rough. Uncle Charles and wife, Aunt Kalili, were homesteaders at Kamuela and had a beautiful yard and gardens of colorful masses of flowers.

We did a lot of horseback riding in Kamuela, visiting Annabelle's relatives mainly. They were Aunt Eliza and John Maguire at their Huehue !{<:I.n~~in~~ North Kohala; the Sharratt family; Aunt Carrie, her daughters Queenie, Winnie and Lucy who ran the Waimea Hotel i the Sam Spencers. also homesteaders; Aunt Hannah and Uncle Robert Hind, their daughters Margaret and Mona at Puuwaawaa in North Kohalui the Frank Woods at Kahua, North Kollala and Edwin Lindsay at Waiaka. There was enjoyable sightseeing, roaming the Parker Ranch, visiting the ParleeI'family cemetery and the original Parker home in Mana. The home, built entirely of koa, was quite dilapidated but peeking through the windows, we could still see the beautiful grains of koa wood. (See p. 59)

Cattle from that part of the island had to be shipped to Honolulu for slaughter. We rode from Kamuela to Kawaihae many times on horseback to watch the exciting procedure. The trip on horseback was much pleasanter and more fun than by carriage. Steamers anchored some distance from shore for lack of a wharf. A herd of cattle wOlild have been driven from whatever ranch -to a pen on the beach. This took days according to the distance as progress had to be slow to preserve the cattles' weight. Once in the pen ready for shipping, cowboys watched them through the night to prevent them from stampeding.

The same boats used for landing passengers and freight were used for the shipping process. They were manned by the

boat crew who brought the boats as close to the beach as possible without grounding. The cowboys on horses, having lassoed a cow, coaxed and encouraged or dragged the animal to the rowboat where the crewmen secured them by the horns to the side of the boat then rowed to the steamer. There might be three or four on each side of the rowboat. One **by** one a sling was adjusted under the steer's belly and it was hoisted aboard the steamer. Once aboard they were secured closely together so they protected each other from any motion of the boat on its return to Honolulu.

A week with Uncle Jack Low at Kukuihaele:

From Kamuela we rode a trail to Kukuihaele to stay with Uncle Jack Low for a week. Uncle Jack was manager of the Waipio Ditch Company. Bryan Girdler, just out of high school, was his office assistant. They stayed in a two-story company house where Annabelle and I were comfortably accommodated. There wasn't much to do or see at Kukuihaele so Annabelle and I amused ourselves riding around. One afternoon we noticed the bare flagpole so we rummaged around Bryan's room for a flag unsuccessfully. Not to be daunted, we hoisted a pair of his B.V.D.'s on the pole. Uncle Jack's fury was quickly subdued by passersby and phone calls telling him how refreshing it was to have something to laugh at for a change in slow-going Kukuihaele.

Uncle Jack made arrangements for us to ride the Waipio Valley ditch trail. Our horses had to be sure-footed. The trail was dangerous but beautiful. The valley widened into smaller valley heads, only one of which we could explore in our limited time. It was a long, tiring, rainy ride; scenery breathtaking and with all very satisfying.

The Maguires' luau:

During our stay at Kukuihaele, the Maguires of Huehuele planned a luau. Taro being plentiful in Kukuihaele, Uncle Jack supplied the luau which Annabelle and I were to take over. It was pitch dark at five in the morning when we left. Uncle Jack tied the gunny sack full of luau on the back of Annabelle's saddle and one of his men escorted us over the trail by which we had originally come to Kukuihaele, the horses just walking or jogging occasionally until it was light enough for us to see the trail and travel alone. Once on the main dirt road, needless to say we galloped the rest of the way. We were greeted **by** Aunt Lizzie Maguire, happy and relieved that the luau had arrived. Unfortunately, how-

ever, Uncle Jack had tied the wrong end of the gunny sack to Annabelle's saddle or hadn't secured it well enough. The sack was empty when we arrived. At no time had Annabelle or I thought to check it.

A trip to Hilo, Hawaii;

Transportation on Hawaii was provided by drivers who made scheduled trips around the island. Annabelle and I made reservations to be picked up at Kukuihaele and taken to Hilo for fifty cents apiece. The unpaved road along the Hamakua Coast was not too bad for the automobile. It wound in and out of the numerous valleys, a beautiful scenic drive. Rainbow and Akaka falls and the Onomea Arch were attractions on the way. That was a five-hour drive but now, with all the valleys bridged and paved roads. the distance is made in less than an hour. But the Onomea Arch is no more; it was destroyed by the 1946 tidal wave.

In Hila we stayed at the Weight Hotel. I met scores of Annabelle's relatives and friends and we made new ones.

Kilauea Volcano:

First of the many memorable experiences during our visit was a trip to Kilauea Volcano at night by automobile. It was 'safe then to rest at the brink of the Halemaumau pit of boiling, spitting, Spoutil~, rolling lava. Heat from the fire pit kept the front of our bodies warm while blankets protected our backs from freezing. The pit was in a far corner of Kilauea, itself a cleepimmense area made by previous volcanic eruptions leaving fantastic shapes and forms of cooled lava on its floor. Well-kept trails encouraged visitors to visit what was known as Pele's kitchen; another as her parlor. They never failed to pose in Pele's picture frames to be photographed.

During the day it was exciting to scorch postcards over one of the many steam cracks abounding in the area. One couldn't get too close to the crack for the operation so cards were secured to the end of a stick and held over the crack. A can of water could also be neld over the steam to get hot enough in which to boil an egg. We spent many evenings watching Pele in Halemaumau, sometimes taking thermoses of hot coffee and sandwiches and even a ukulele for a cheerful, social evening.

The Shipman family:

The Shipman family owned a mountain home in the Kilauea district where we were privileged to enjoy their hospitality. They also owned a home at Keaau, outside of Hila, where Ollie Shipman and wife Allce made their home and where we spent many Sunday afternoons. Their house fronted a freshwater pond in which their guests were encouraged to swim. The water was so cold though, swims were hardly dips of the toes.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Jaggar:

Dr. Jaggar was head of the Volcano Observatory. He and Mrs. Jaggar built their home just below the rim of Kilauea crater as though it had just been slapped there and secured somehow to the cliff. I enjoyed an afternoon with Mrs. Jaggar sipping tea on their porch overlooking the crater floor and following the ant-looking line of hikers following trails to the lava-formed curiosities, with Halemaw Nau smoking in the distance.

Annabelle Low;

When school opened I returned to Honolulu. Annabelle began her teaching career which didn't last long. She met Albert Ruddie, mechanic and manager of the Volcano Garage on Front Street [now Kamehameha Avenue in Hila]. They were married, built a home on Wainaku Street overlooking Wailuku River, became very popular in social and other aspects of Hila life, Hila was a friendly town. Everybody knew everybody.

During vacations and weekends she found some reason necessitating my presence in Hila so I became quite a commuter.

One swurner Annabelle organized a social dance club. Couples and singles swarmed the Hila Armory, rented for the sessions that were held every Saturday evening. My role was instructor and enjoyable. Among Annabelle's friends who became mine also were the Shipmans--Aunt Mary, Alice and Ollie, Carrie, Florence, Margaret, Herbert--the Fattens; Harry and Carrie and children Elinor and Gilbert; Dr. L. L. and Llinily Sexton; the Reverend [Stephen] Desha family; Jack, Stephen and Eliza, Mr. and Mrs. George Desha, daughters Helen and Ida; George Willfong; Harry Wessell; Mrs. Castendyke, daughter Carol Reid; Mrs. Kennedy; Allan ~urdick; George Cool; Adam Baker; Sam Rolph; Pete Beamer; Hattie and Harry Hapai;

George and Elsa Richardson; Mr. and Mrs. Carl Carlsmith; William Doc Hill; Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Holmes.

The following year Annabelle opened a children's dance school. Again I went to Hilo, this time to assist her with an exhibition of her puppl's accomplishments. It so happened that the Hila Elks Club was putting on its annual benefit **and asked me to perform a number with Mr. Carruthers, a visiting performer of social and classic dances.**

One summer Annabelle and I were invited to the Shipman ranch at PuUDO **by** Dr. Schulte, its manager, high on the slope of Mauna Loa. On horses we went **by** way of the Volcano. following a long, easy trail but slow. There was much horseback riding every day with the cowboys, starting in the early dark hours of the morning and returning in the late afternoon. It was cold and foggy lush pastures were extensive. We did our part assisting to herd the cattle and keeping them from straying or bolting.

The cowhands never let us forget we were women. They caught and saddled our horses. helped us mount and dismount. led our horses away. During an all-day ride, lunches were served with care and style, surprising for a place far away from normal conveniences. We had to get used also to bathe with a small basin of water gathered in tanks from moisture in the air.

Annabelle and I went to PUHOO twice, the second by way of a trail from Hilo--shorter but r~gged. Dr. Schulte. our host, was guide.

Another summer Annabelle and I spent at Kapapala Ranch with her Aunt Abbie and Uncle Julian Monsarratt who was manager. Robert McCorriston and Bradford Sumner were there also to participate in the annual roundup which they had done for years. The ranch house was large. attractive and comfortable but pastures were on the rugged side, relieved in spots **by** puka wais (water holes) surrounded by shade trees where cattle congregated.

The roundup lasted several days, beginning in the dark early hours in order to get to a scheduled starting point by daylight. Horses were saddled with the assistance of several gas lamps. In addition to herding and guarding the cattle as we had done at Puuoo, we urged them into chutes through which they passed into pens which segregated them for shipping, repasturing and branding. Every day a different area of the ranch was combed.

The branding pen drew crowds of spectators. Others came and offered their services for what they considered fun. Calves to be branded were lassoed, hopefully by the hind legs, and thrown to the ground, helpless, while the red-hot branding iron was applied. At the same time the male calves were altered.

Returning from a day's drive one afternoon, we were greeted by a new member of the ranch family's domestic help,

a baby girl. Immediately after she was born, her mother, SuzUki, returned to the washboard to continue her laundry chores.

Uncle Julian's niece, Anna Graham and her husband Jay Gould from New York were guests at the ranch for a few days but they took no part in the drives, rough riding of a cowboy not being his style of life and her interest being landscape painting .

. One summer Annabelle and I spent at Kana to visit with Ethel Paris. We stayed at her Aunt Ella Paris's boarding house. Sightseeing by automobile was our main activity, though we did attend a picture show one evening in their community theater.

Instead of going across Kealakekua Bay by boat to visit Captain Cook's monument, we drove near the site and picked our way through reeds and rocks. The City of Refuge at Honaunau had vestiges of what had taken place there. Lastly we went through Hulihee Palace, one of many residences occupied by royalty built in great part of koa and sadly in need of repair, housing a few relics of the Kalakaua dynasty. Like Queen Emma's summer home in Honolulu on Pali Highway, Hulihee was maintained by the Daughters of Hawaii as a museum.

Clorinda Low and I were visitors at Annabelle's one summer evening when George Willfong and Sam Rolph invited us to go fishing. Mr. Sternemann, owner of the chartered launch, picked us four up at the Mooheau Park beachfront of Hila Bay. A Japanese warship was anchored in Hila Bay, glowing with bright lights toward which Mr. Sternemann steered. Suddenly we struck something and the boat started to rock. We were told to jump and clear the boat before it sank. However, our jump landed us on a reef not far from shore. A few steps and we were back from where we had started. Mr. Sternemann had mistaken some shore lights for those of the warship. Walking home we passed a Chinese store displaying a string of dried fish which the boys bought for consolation.

The meeting of Henrietta Smith and James B. Mann:

Arriving in Hila by boat one morning with a bevy of young girls assigned to teach on Hawaii, Annabelle and friends were on the wharf to meet me. I had known them all from previous visits except for Jimmy Mann, a new arrival in Hila. All the bachelors in Hila made **it** a point to meet every arriving steamer to give the female arrivals the once over. Jimmy Mann was no exception. Our introduction was casual but that night Carol Reid had a party at the Hila Yacht Club when Jimmy and I got better acquainted. Besides

dancing at the party there were games like musical chairs, pinning the tail on the donkey, and dropping beans singly into a pint jar on the floor from a standing position on a chair. Jimmy asked to take me home that night but since I had gone there with George Willfong I went home with him.

Trip to Kapoho with the William Hyde Ricesl

Mr. and Mrs. William Hyde Rice of Kauai were visiting their daughter, Emily Sexton. Annabelle's next door neighbor. One Sunday they invited me to go for a drive with them to Kapoho where they hoped to locate a Hawaiian who made lauhala mats. We drove through the Olaa and Pahoa canefields to the Kalapana Black Sand Beach. Pohoiki and finally Kapoho. Not knowing exactly for whom he was looking nor where, Mr. Rice had his chauffeur stop for any passerby, to whom Mr. Rice spoke in Hawaiian. Never had I heard Hawaiian spoken so melodiously and with such grace and charm.

The founding of Na Pua O Hawaii:

In Honolulu. Edith Williams (Kulumanu) invited a group of girls to her home for the purpose of forming a Hawaiian club. Besides Edith and myself there were her sisters Ethelwyn Castle Marx, Claire Williams Cartwright, Abby Buchanan, Ethel Whiting and Manu Whiting Long, Callie Lucas Lymer, Ululani Robertson (Jabulka), Grace and Sybil Robertson. We hoped to learn the Hawaiian language and culture and for our teacher invited John Wise. who was followed by Mrs. Naukuina. We got nowhere learning Hawaiian and with no one available to sustain and further our interests. we turned our efforts to making layettes for which there were always needy recipients. Soon our meetings became informal social gatherings at our different homes where we enjoyed singing and our own ways of dancing the hula.

We were named Na Pua O Hawaii (The Flowers of Hawaii) by someone. Bruce Cartwright referred to us as Na Puaa (Pigs) O Hawaii in jest.

One day the Whiting girls hosted us at their home in the Punchbowl district. They were intimate with Queen Liliuok'alani whom they invited to join us'. She was charming, rejecting all ostentation, talking, laughing and singing with us. The Whiting girls and Ululani Robertson with voice training were natural leaders and it thrilled us to hear the queen's strong alto. The always-handly ukulele was our accompaniment.

At Mrs. Marx's home on Sierra Drive there was a piano

to accompany our singing and dancing the hula kui which was becoming a fad. King Kalakaua is credited with improvising the hula kui. a simple two-step accompanied by arm movements to interpret words of a song.

Mrs. Marx was a charming woman and hostess. She and Mr. Marx owned a home at Kailua on the north side of the island across the Pali. They invited their sister Edith, Abby Buchanan and myself to spend a weekend with them there. Their chauffeur, Ben Lovell, picked us up in Honolulu in the Marx Cadillac. There was a single sand road through Kailua but Ben disregarded it. For his own enjoyment he skidded around and over sand dunes. backing and stalling, delighting in our screams and fright.

Mrs. Francis Swanzy, socialite and enthusiastic community worker, sought to support the morale of our enlisted men at Schofield Barracks. She enlisted the help of her daughter Nora to arrange an evening's entertainment for them. Na Pua O Hawaii was requested to contribute a few song numbers and in spite of our amateurish status the call of duty to Uncle Sam prevailed. Na Pua O Hawaii recruited more-experienced and professional friends to assist. There were a couple of rehearsals, then a bevy of party-dressed girls without stage makeup were whisked to Schofield in an army bus.

Rules at the Schofield Post were rigid. Orders were to stay together, no wandering around, no socializing with the soldiers. We were herded from the bus onto the stage of the huge entertainment hall, did our numbers and again were herded into the bus for the return to Honolulu.

One weekend I had the bunch at our Kahala home. It was a treat for everyone to live in a bathing suit or muumuu or to dress as scantily as possible. We walked on the beach and scrambled over rocks at Black Point to see the blow hole in action, then settled down for our usual singing and hula practices. Ululani brought her ukulele. In the midst of changing into our nightgowns preparatory to turning in for the night, we were raided by some of our boy friends. Somehow they 'had heard of our "hen party" and thought it would be fun to scare us, which they did. Having pulled off their little joke they politely departed.

The McInernys, Dominis family and Washington Place:

Sybil McInerny was one of the first friends I made the day I started school. We went through grade school together and two years of high school when her parents sent her to school in Boston. On her return she met and married John Aimoku Dominis, stepson of Queen Liliuokalani with whom they made their home at Washington Place. That was not far from

my home and I often went there. Sometimes the queen joined us in the garden, always gracious and friendly.

One evening Sybil and Airnoku invited me over for dinner. Arnold and Swinton Aldrich were also there. Their mother was one of the queen's close friends. The queen did not sit at the table with us. She preferred her own small table in a corner where she could use her fingers and leisurely enjoy her Hawaiian specialties served in special calabashes.

After dinner we sat around a small round table in the living room. The queen drew a chair close and joined our evening's diversion. While Arnold strummed an ukulele, we sang the best we knew how, the queen harmonizing in a lovely alto voice.

Apparently seances were customary with this intimate group and I was to be initiated. With palms flat on the table, tips of thumbs and little fingers all touching in a circle, minds concentrated on a single thought, what might always seem incredible to some people really happened. In a short while the table responded with a smooth movement to the side.

Tokie Miyamoto, one of our small circle of friends that went through school together, was brought up by, in and as one of the McInerny family. Occasionally her friends were invited to her home on Judd Street at the corner of Liliha. The McInerny family also had a city home at Waikiki on Kalakaua Avenue. now the Kaimana Hotel. Tokie often invited us to go swimming there. The beach was lovely and the swimming good.

On one of Tokie's birthdays. her family suggested she take us to their Mokuleia beach home, an hour's drive from town. Their yardboy, who was also their chauffeur, drove four very excited girls in the family's Packard.

The Chinese cook at JVLoli:ule was expecting us and had prepared a large dish of his special long rice. It was delicious. filled with. besides the long rice, oodles of mushrooms, tender-cooked Chinese dried shrimps and slices of crisp-cooked scallions. For dessert he served us his own guava ice cream and coconut cream cake.

Fortunately we had no plans to go swimming. We could never have stayed afloat.

The Episcopal church campsite now occupies the site of the McInerny home at Mokuleia.

Regattas in Honolulu Harbor;

Annual regattas were held in Honolulu Harbor. Main features were the barge races between the Lealani and Myrtle Boat clubs whose boat houses were not far apart on the Waiki-

ki side of the harbor about where Pier 2 is. Stella McAllister and I being Healani fans always went to their boat-house for the day. Spectators lined the shores, crowded on ships in port and on anchored barges along the race course.

Stella and I also enjoyed Sunday afternoons at Kapiolani Park listening to concerts by the Royal Hawaiian Band under Captain Berger.

Welfare projects:

For years our welfare problems were in part relieved by Community Chest drives when volunteers solicited funds through house-to-house canvassing which lasted a week. The last day of the drive, all volunteers were invited to lunch at the YWCA on Richards Street to listen to run-of-the-mill speeches and hear final results of our efforts. The luncheon was at the expense of an anonymous donor. All the years of my participation Mr. Walter Dillingham was chairman, assisted by many interested influential executives.

There were Red Cross drives conducted in the same manner until problems became too difficult to be solved by volunteers. Our present United Way is the agent for consolidating all community support.

The Colburns' Peninsula home:

Occasionally I spent a weekend with the Colburn girls, Daisy and Dodo, at their Pearl City peninsula home. Boarding a train at the Oahu Railway and Land Company depot at King and Iwilei streets, we rode to Pearl City and transferred to a small section-train known as the Dummy for the short peninsula ride to within a few steps from our destination. Usually the section-locomotive trailed one passenger car but when it trailed a flat car instead we were elated. We could sit on its edge and dangle our legs.

The Colburn home was on the water. There was a small pier from which we dropped baskets and hooks to catch crabs. Small eels were abundant, seemingly homeless, and though assured to be harmless they were too repelling for me to go swimming.

Prince Kuhio's luau at the Colburns':

For years Pearl Harbor was accessible to small craft only and was the center of pleasure boat activity until Con-

gress appreciated its strategic value and appropriated funds to dredge a deep water channel and develop the harbor. To dedicate the completion of the project, on December 15, 1911 the USS California sailed through the channel into Pearl Harbor with notables aboard including Prince Kuhio, Hawaii's delegate to Congress. Meanwhile there was activity at the Colburn peninsula home where the prince was to later host the distinguished guests from the warship at a luau.

Sister Leinaala and I had been invited with many other friends to assist the Colburn sisters at the affair. After long tables had been arranged under a huge tent erected on the grounds. we decorated them in the usual fashion with **ti** leaves, ferns and flowers. Centerpieces were fancily cut watermelons and pineapples. Cold dishes like poi, lomi lomi salmon, opihis, dried fish, inamona, red salt and scallions were put at each place setting before the guests, bedecked with leis, took their places. Then we served them hot dishes; puua (pig), chicken and luau, laulau fish (cooked in ti leaves), sweet potato, taro and bananas. IJ.lh~~we~~ served ourselves and sat at our own table. Leinaala had seen a small dog being prepared for the imu. She made sure she and I had pork and not dog on our plates. I was told later that Prince Kuhio had a preference for dog.

Sewing bees:

Several of us interested in needlework started sewing bees once a week at alternating homes. The first was at the Colburn home on Kinau Street with Dodo, Daisy and Lena Colburn, Emma Hughes, Dalla Fennell and myself. Light refreshments of punch and cake or cookies were served afterwards. Interest in our group and accomplishments grew, as did our numbers, so we contacted Mrs. Ordway who owned a needlework shop and gave lessons. She agreed to meet with us for twenty-five cents per person per afternoon of instruction.

We met at our home thereafter to accomodate Mrs. Ordway from whom we bought all of our supplies and it was only two minutes from her place of business. It was a happy, productive venture. Many doilies, fancy pillow cases, tea cloths and laces were added to our hope chests.

Suddenly participation of the United States in World War I changed our fancy needlework to 'knitting. Everybody knitted sweaters, socks, mits, scarfs, hoods everywhere--at home, in dark movie houses, on streetcars which quite often had to stop for a knitter to retrieve a ball of yarn. The Red Cross supplied all the yarn.

Judge and Mrs. Sanford B. Dole:

My friendship with Annabelle Low and her family drew me into a very happy relationship with Judge and Mrs. Sanford B. Dole. He was the first governor of the Territory of Hawaii and later was appointed United States district judge. I had the honor of many visits with them at their Waikiki residence, a minute's walk from the end of the transit line at Kapiolani Park. He enjoyed swimming. There was a natural chann~~el~~ in the reef directly in front of the Dole premises which he encouraged all of his guests to swim across. This feat did not appeal to me and I was always pleased when I went swimming there that conditions in the channel did not allow the attempt. The tide, current or winds would save my day.

One Lei Day Clorinda Low and I had lunch with Judge and Mrs. Dole at Waikiki, after which we planned to view the lei exhibition at the Bank of Hawaii at the corner of King and Bishop streets. For the first few years the May Day celebrations were sponsored by and in the Bank of Hawaii. Judge Dole wasn't pleased that we didn't have leis to wear and suggested that we string some double pink oleanders that were blooming profusely in their hedge. He was overly pleased with our results and looks but we were terribly self-conscious when we took the transit for town.

I was often invited to the Dole home on Emma street just around the block from our home and opposite the Royal School. Judge and Mrs. Dole entertained at 'breakfast every Sunday morning. Their honored guests were usually visiting dignitaries. To meet them he invited local residents and confided in me one day he wanted at least one guest of Hawaiian ancestry and I was that ~ few times, though much younger.

Their dining room was large, accomodating a wide, long table which easily seated from four'teen to sixteen people. Chairs had high, carved backs. There was always a beautiful white tablecloth with large white napkins to match, heavy silverware and floral centerpiece. Judge Dole always said graoe.

Breakfast was always the same: fruit, baked beans with brown bread, codfish cake~ and coffee with sugar and cream. For the fruit course, the Japanese waiter brought a huge pineapple and papaya on a silver platter with carving knife and fork. The pineapple and papaya were unpeeled and placed before Judge Dole. Pushing back his chair Ju.dge Dole stood, tall in a white linen suit and with a flowing white beard, as though h~ were about to give a speech. With carving knife and fork in his hands, he asked each guest his preference and proceeded to slice the fruit. skin and all. We had to remove the ::>kinsand seeds ourselves. Judge Dole persuaded us to eat the papaya seeds with the pulp because they were

good for us. The meal never lagged. Judge Dole always announced that he had to be at Kawaiahao Church for morning services so guests left promptly after breakfast.

Mrs. Dole was frail. She passed away quietly and her ashes were buried in the missionary cemetery at Kawaiahao Church with very simple services. Carrying out Judge Dole's request, as many present as could formed an aisle with maile leis through which he would pass with his wife's urn from the entrance of the graveyard to the site of the internment.

Mrs. Dole's passing left the judge very lonesome. Often on Saturdays he invited me to lunch with him on Emma Street and every Saturday we had lomi salmon and poi, after which he smoked one of his long special cigars. He had no objection to women smoking and urgently asked if I wished a cigarette. I had not acquired the smoking habit but one day facetiously confessed I'd like to try a cigar some day. Whereupon he suggested this be the day and proceeded to light one of his good cigars. I protested his wasting one of his prize cigars. I'd never be able to finish it so he took out his pocketknife and cut it in half. Surprisingly I wasn't sick.

One morning Judge Dole phoned and asked if I'd go over to teach a new Cook how to prepare lomi salmon, his experienced servant having left for Japan. So his Saturday lunches continued to be lomi salmon and poi.

Nursing experience.

My early expressed desire for the nursing profession had been discouraged by Mother and family physician, Dr. Murray. When I learned that Violet Makee and Wilhelmina Tenney were Red Cross volunteers in Europe, I felt the urge again. A prerequisite six-week training course had to be completed and Miss Dewar, head nurse of the Children's Hospital and family friend, offered to provide me with the necessary credentials.

I reported to the Children's Hospital every morning at seven, walking from home to Kuakini Street. For the first few days the routine was simple: feeding the patients, amusing the children, answering room calls. Then I was gowned for the operating room to observe an appendectomy. I never knew what happened, waking up in a ward where I had been rushed after fainting.

Teaching experience:

Miss Dewar had previously urged me to go into teaching,

a career she felt equally important at the time as nursing. So I answered a call of the Department of Education and was assigned to a kindergarten at Kaiulani School on King Street.

We were housed in an old building back of the main school grounds, well-equipped and comfortable according to prevailing standards, a conventional classroom with rows of single desks facing my desk and a fine playground of our own.

My children were of mixed races, living in close proximity to the school in two-story rooming houses or many family cottages in cramped neighborhoods. There were no problems but I thought I would like to make friends with some of the parents to further enhance my relation with their children. I made a few calls on them but only found the children sitting on the doorsteps of their apartments waiting patiently for their parents to come home from work.

To most of them school was their day's highlight--mingling. playing, *even* clashing. They loved the flag-raising ceremony to start the day; their participating in celebrations honoring Princess Kaiulani after whom the school was named. One year on Washington's Birthday we marched en masse along King Street under police escort to a vantage point in town to watch the floral parade.

Three years at Kaiulani School with the same children from kindergarten to second grade included were rewarding but I felt the need for a change to a higher grade and requested a transfer to the eighth grade. Kaiulani's principal, Mrs. Nina Fraser, could not make the adjustment so I was given an eighth grade in the Royal School on Emma Street only a block around the corner from home and a two-minutes' walk.

To get to Kaiulani School. I took the Emma Street transit which went Ewa along King and turned mauka on Liliha where I would have to transfer. When connections were bad it was but a short walk from Liliha Street to Kaiulani School. When we acquired the Buick, Hilda drove me to school after we dropped Dad and Daisy at their offices in the Judiciary Building on King Street. Then Hilda returned to the Judiciary Building and parked there. She was a clerk in Dad's office.

The Young Hotel Roof Garden;

The Young Hotel transformed its roof to a garden spot for evening entertainments Which included a dance floor, stage for the orchestra and acts, tables for refreshments, potted palms and trees. Called the Roof Garden, it was the pleasantest place to spend an evening besides the movies.

Queen Liliuokalani's funeral:

Queen Liliuokalani passed away in 1917. Her body lay in state for a week in Kawaiahao Church with day and night vigils **by** members of Hawaiian societies with their regalia positioned on each side of the casket. At the head of the casket was the traditional tabu symbol and a kahili was at each of four corners. Wreaths, leis, set pieces of flowers were fresh every day and tastefully placed. Continuous music of soft, harmonious singing **by** different hui's rotated night and day. Leinaala and her husband Ben and I were drawn there every evening to hear the entrancing music of dirges, hymns, ballads. The church was always filled to capacity.

The funeral cortege left Kawaiahao Church, went Ewa along King Street to Nuuanu Avenue and mauka to the Royal Mausoleum. Hundreds lined the route. Notables rode in cars, including loyal subjects and those responsible for the revolution that dethroned her. Hawaiian organizations marched in distinctive garb. Ladies of the Kaahumanu Society were in long black holokus, long black gloves and hats, and a yellow feather lei around their necks. The Priorytgirls' choir wore white dresses with white headdress--squares of white muslin. The Kamehameha Warriors wore black trousers, white shirts, red sashes, and red and yellow feather shoulder-capes. The women's Hui O Iwi were in long white holokus with yellow feather leis around their necks. The catafalque was drawn by one hundred Foomas, fifty on each side of the large rope pulling the catafalque. They wore black trousers and white shirts. The Foomas were a beneficial union of stevedores.

World War I,

United States participation in World War I in 1917 affected the lives of everyone in Hawaii. Homes were opened to our boys stationed here preparatory to shipment overseas and to those in transit from Australia and New Zealand. We had occasional guests at our informal evening gatherings and dancing. Patriotic community songfests every evening at the open-air Park Theater on Fort Street and Pauahi Lane drew capacity crowds. The throne room and 'adjacent lanais of the Executive Building (Iolani Palace) became the Red Cross headquarters which were open all day to volunteers who made surgical dressings under the direction of Mrs. Walter Dillingham. The Red Cross dispensed supplies and instructions for hospital gowns and knitting to be done at homes.

First Aid classes were held in Castle Kindergarten on King Street, the present Ewa corner of City Hall, with Dr.

Adams instructing. followed **by** advanced demonstrations and practice at homes of interested participants.

The principal of Royal School. Mr. Cyril O. Smith, bought a knitting machine for socks and installed it in his office. Mature students with spare time were encouraged and eager to use **it** and turned out large supplies of socks for soldiers overseas.

Opening exercises at the Royal School were very impressive, interesting and perfectly executed. The whole school participated, well-organized on the playground facing the flagpole and school balcony. They performed with precision. Mr. Smith had a penchant for perfection. The programs were patriotic: flag raising, salute, national anthem, well-rehearsed speeches and songs. Fridays were special guests days for prominent visitors or government officials.

On Armistice Day everything was bedlam. Without notice, permission or control, children and teachers swarmed from the school premises for they knew not where. Before I could gather my thoughts, my sister Mapuana was at school to get me in her Cadillac which was already filled to capacity and with riders standing on the running boards. I straddled the hood and we joined the mobs wandering around town for hours till darkness drove us home, I ringing a cow bell Mapuana had brought along.

Edited and typed by Katherine B. Allen

GENEALOGY

MATERNAL

PATERNAL

Pohunui Kekahuna

Mele Naokaawa

George R. Marble

Henry Smith

Maria Marble married Henry Smith, Jr.

Henrietta Smith 'married James B. Mann

1. John Cline Mann

2. Helen Patricia Mann (Mrs. Laurie S. Dowsettl

3. James Buzzell Mann, Jr.

Henrietta Smith Mann: Volunteer workerj educator

Honolulu Grammar School 1899-1905

Honolulu High School 1905-07

Punahou School 1907-09

Territorial Normal and Training School 1909-10**Columbia University Teachers College (BS) 1921**

Teacher. Kaiulani School 1915-18

Royal School '1918-19

Territorial Normal School 1921-22

Child and Family Service staff 1934

NOTES BY CLINE MANN. SON OF HENRIETTA SMITH MANN

- p. 1 Helen Marble married Paalua Danson Kellett, son of Captain John Kellett of Hanalei. Their children were Myra, George, Edmund and John.
- p. 2 Captain Alexander Adams died on October 27, 1871 at the age of ninety-one. Pohunui Kekahuna Marble married one of his surviving sons, William Adams. Captain Adams' daughter, Victoria Harbottle Adams, married Andrew Bannister. They were the parents of Mary Bannister Lucas, the mother of Mary Mabel Lucas (Mrs. Wayne) Pflueger.
- p. 4 John K. Clarke was the first part-Hawaiian trustee of Bishop Estate and was simultaneously a Campbell Estate trustee.
- p. 21 The life interest left to Liliuokalani involved only the land of Kahala. roughly between Black Point and Hunakai and extending mauka to the bend portion of Kolua.

In 1893, the year of the overthrow, nothing happened at Kahala. In 1895, the year of the counter-revolution, there was a lot going on out there. but those revolutionists were pro-Liliuokalani.

Mary Auld was another daughter of Captain Alexander Adams.

Jimmy Lucas was the son of Mary Bannister Lucas and a brother of Mary Lucas Pflueger.

- p. 2) The old road to Kahala descended to the beach where the narrow beach-park road is and continued around the foot of Diamond Head along the shore. A new alignment above this old road became the paved Diamond Head Road.
- p. 24 The Pacific Club structure was razed about 1960 and the present building was constructed.
- p. 30 This was before the Nawiliwili breakwater was constructed.

Sarah Deverill was the granddaughter of Captain John Kellett. therefore a first cousin of Henrietta Smith Mann's first cousins.

- p. 31 Emma Hatfield, a granddaughter of Captain John Kellett, married Charles Makee, son of Captain James Makee. She was a first cousin of Henrietta Smith Mann's first cousins.
- p. 38 Annabelle Dole Low married Albert M. (AI) Ruddie.
- p. 41 Huehue Ranch and Puuwaawaa are located in North Kana.

Subject Index

- 1 Ancestors and family background
- 2 Mother's education and employment
 Princess Ruth and her home
- J Father's education and employment
 Father's deafness and customs
- 4 Francis Henry Alapaki Smith
 Family statistics
 Mary Mapuana Smith
- 5 Helen Caroline Smith
 Birth and naming of Henrietta Smith
 Home *life*
- 7 Family meals
- 9 Thanksgiving and Christmas
 Housekeeping chores
 Elsie Smith's English classes
- 10 Neighbors
 Social life
- 11 Church activities
 A well-remembered luau
- 12 Halloween
 A train trip to Haleiwa
 Calling on friends

- 1) A memorable bike ride:
The 1900 Chinatown fire

14 **Language**

Education and school experiences

- 15 Mary Gunn's dancing school

- 16 **Ifhe hula**

17 **Music**

Operas. operettas and dramas

- 19 Picnics and moonlight swimming

Transportation

- 21 Liliuokalani's summer home; 1893 Revolution

Mary Auld's Kahala home: Smiths' home

- 22 The making of charcoal

Kahala burial grounds and heiau

- 2) Weekends and changes at Kahala

Social life and events

- 25 Hiking on Oahu

- 26 Horseback riding

Sports

- 28 Schaefer's and Cassidys' beach homes

Linda Schaefer's plays

- 28 Else Schaefer, teacher, Waimanalo School
- 29 **Christmas at the Cardens' home**
Christmas activities at home and downtown
Christmas Eve serenaders
- 30 A boat trip to Kauai
A vacation with the Deverill family
- 31 Summers with the Charles Makees; fishing
- 32 The George Fairchilds of Kealia
- 33 Hanalei; artists Hitchcock and Wix
A summer on Maui with the Copps
Description of a trip to Kula
- 34 A trip into Haleakala crater
- 35 The Haleakala's maiden voyage
A month at the Meyer estate on Molokai
- 37 **Washington's Birthday celebration**
- 38 **Fourth of July celebration,**
New Year's
- 39 **Steamer days**
- 40 Leinaala Smith's marriage
Territorial Normal School; Punahou School
A visit at Parker Waipa's cottage, Punaluu

- 41 A visit at Kamuela, Hawaii
- 42 A week with Uncle Jack Low at Kukuihaele
The Maguires' luau
A trip to Hila, Hawaii
Kilauea Volcano
- 44 The Shipman family
Dr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Jaggar
Annabelle Low
- 46 Henrietta Smith meets James B. Mann
- 47 Trip to Kapoho with the William Hyde Rices
The founding of Na Pua O Hawaii
- 48 The McInernys and the Dominis family
- 49 Annual regattas in Honolulu Harbor
- 50 **Welfare projects**
The Colburns, Peninsula home
Prince Kuhio's luau at the Colburns'
- 51 **Sewing bees**
- 53 Nursing experience
Teaching experience
- 54 The Young Hotel Roof Garden
- 55 World War II Queen Liliuokalani's funeral
- 57 Genealogy
- 58 Notes **by** Cline Mann

THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

In May 1971, the Watumull Foundation initiated an Oral History Project.

The project was formally begun on June 24, '71 when Katherine B. Allen was selected to interview kamaainas and longtime residents of Hawaii in order to preserve their experiences and knowledge. In July, Lynda Mail' joined the staff as an interviewer.

During the next seventeen months, eighty-eight persons were interviewed. Most of these taped oral histories were transcribed by November 30, 1972.

Then the project was suspended indefinitely due to the retirement of the foundation's chairman, Ellen Jensen Watumull.

In February 1979, the project was reactivated and Miss Allen was recalled as director and editor.

Three sets of the final transcripts, typed on acid-free Permalife Bond paper, have been deposited respectively in the Archives of Hawaii, the Hamilton Library at the University of Hawaii, and the Cooke Library at Punahou School.